

Happy Peach

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Chapter One

With school lessons complete, I walked home from school as usual.

“Hmm?”

When I passed the side of the telephone pole, I stopped walking. Somehow I felt like there was something hidden away at the corner of my vision.

Though, even when I looked back there was nothing there. Just the ordinary telephone pole standing there.

Puzzled, I turned back around and decided to continue walking.

However, I was strangely anxious.

Even though I wanted to go home soon and play games, my impulse to examine the telephone pole won out, so I walked up to it.

“What’s this?”

I was able to find it immediately after getting close to the pole.

On the ground next to the pole was a can of food.

But it’s strange. Why did I notice this?

From the way it was secretly placed next to the telephone pole, I shouldn’t have noticed it from the way I was walking on the road. But the truth is I did find the can that way.

A coincidence? By chance, I felt uneasy. By chance, something caught my eye. By chance, there was a can of food. By chance, I found it.

Although that was it, I felt uneasy nevertheless.

I wonder if I shouldn’t touch it? Crouching there, secretly staring at the can of food at the telephone pole, was a troubled person.

“It’s a beautiful can though...”

Its size was a bit larger than a fist. The shape was the usual for

canned food, a cylinder. The top was silver.
Although it was an ordinary can of food, what caught my eye was the design on the can.
Its foundation was pink, with a beautiful white peach drawn on it.
Although I said white peach, a part seemed to have a tinge of pink, and I saw it like a beautiful ass.

“Let’s see, Happy Peach? A suspicious brand name...”

Drawn on the beautiful white peach, what seemed to be the brand name was written in pink letters.
Happy Peach huh, does that mean I should be happy and eat it? Or does it mean that I’ll be happy when eating it?
The latter seemed more realistic, so maybe that’s the meaning.
Though, being one doesn’t mean it isn’t the other as well, and if it is a peach that you can dive into a world of happiness after eating I’m a bit reluctant.

“Hmm, I wonder if just touching it is okay...”

With the impulse to pick it up to confirm, I’ve easily lost to my desire.
Picking up the canned peaches, I looked at the packaging while turning it around.
Strange, very strange. Neither the manufacturer nor the location of the factory were mentioned. Nor was the date of production and the best-by date.
Is it a dangerous peach that will give you a trip to another dimension after all?

“Hmm? What? Perhaps, this isn’t food?”

Towards the bottom of the package, I found some small writing.
This product is not to be eaten.
What? Since this isn’t a peach made with suspicious ingredients that could bring you on a trip, I lost my anxiety.

“I wonder what’s inside? Is it a toy? Its beautiful and I want to open it... but it’s something for the lost and found.”

Standing up with the canned peach, I put off going home and headed for the police box.

I didn't want to be related if it was a trip peach, but it's alright if it's an ordinary can.

Besides, the can isn't dirty at all, it's brand new. I don't know if the owner misplaced it or just dropped it, but they might be disappointed.

Therefore I'll report it to the police box. I took it to the police box as I said, also telling them my homeroom teacher was Saeki-sensei.

One day, a policeman turned up at my house.

"Eeh, is Katou Akiharu-kun home?"

Playing games in the living room, I heard my name being called.

What business does a policeman have with me? Could it be that the school lunch I left in my desk was found out? Or maybe, when Kaori-chan went up the stairs with her short skirt, and me bending over to see her underwear making my heart thump get found out?

This is bad. What do I do, my clean record of school attendance will disappear if I'm taken by a policeman. If something like that happened, I'd have to cancel my perfect school attendance brothers pact with Tamotsu-kun.

Even if Earth collapsed the next day, we vowed that we would go to school.

"Akiharu, a police wants to talk. Come to the door for a moment."

The door of the living room opened, and mom appeared, beckoning me with a friendly smile.

Tamotsu-kun, sorry, it's likely that I am going to be taken to the police station. Even if the Earth collapsed tomorrow, I want to continue going to school with you, but I was no match for the power of the government.

Timidly going to the door, the policeman who was in uniform stood upright. And noticing me, quickly raised their right hand and saluted.

"Katou Akiharu-kun. About the canned food that you delivered, the owner remains unknown after three months. I came to convey that to you."

The policeman smiled refreshingly while saying so, presenting me with a plastic bag held out in their left hand.

“You delivered this to the police box. I’d like you to hold on to your pure heart. Therefore, I’m also abiding the law and passing this back to you.”

Timidly approaching the policeman, I received the presented plastic bag. Looking inside, there was the canned peach that I had once found.

Oh, this? Come to think of it I did hand this over to a police box. I completely forgot about it.

“Sorry for the trouble.”

Standing next to me, my mom bowed to the policeman with a smile. I also bowed.

“No, the amount of kids who deliver lost items have decreased recently. A while back children would pick up 100 yen coins, find a policeman and hand it to them. Beautiful hearts like that, I think it is necessary to value their purity.”

Lowering his saluting right hand, the policeman patted my head, and said something like that while laughing with a smile.

“No, no, he’s not pure or anything. Rather than a pure child, he’s more of a simple one. He’s too quiet and much too shy. As far as being embarrassed.”

“It can’t be something like that. Seeing his eyes I understand. Akiharu-kun has very clear and pure eyes... pure...”

Refusing mom’s words, although the policeman tried to object to her brisk tone, the words had trouble coming out. It seems they were a bit embarrassed.

Eyes? Often, my eyes are said to be like a dead fish’s.

“Phi, philosophically, his eyes look like they’ve reached enlightenment! Indeed a child with a promising future!”

Oh, not an adult just for show. A philosophic view huh? As you’d

expect from a policeman, immediately arriving at an answer that wouldn't damage the child's heart and moreover also not lying. Wasn't that a bit rushed though, with that cramped smile and sweat. Carrying out justice is also hard, huh.

As for the unidentified can, the outcome was that the policeman gave it to me to open.

Three months passed since I dropped it off, so as the one who picked it up it's mine now. Therefore, because it couldn't be opened without permission, they needed my approval.

The contents was a beautiful toy peach.

It was a little smaller than a fist, about a size smaller than a real peach. Enough about that, its feeling was surprising.

It was very smooth, and yet soft, and very tender. Not a rubber product, nor fabric either. At any rate, the sensation was so supreme that the more I touched it, the more I wanted to touch it.

When the policeman who I confirmed the contents with judged that there were no problems, I signed something saying that I received it and he returned a salute.

That happened yesterday.

"What is this thing?"

That was my first thought after waking up.

Due to the overwhelming feeling of the toy peach, I slept with it while rubbing it while laying in the bed. And now, I woke up unconsciously rubbing it but felt uneasy so I checked out the peach. And I was surprised.

The peach became larger than it was yesterday. Before, it was a little smaller than a fist, but now it was a size larger. That wasn't all. The peach wasn't a peach anymore.

The silhouette slightly distorted into two globes. A small hole opened between the two bulges.

No matter how I looked at it, it was an ass.

Moreover the feeling of it also improved. And by some kind of mechanism, when the ass was rubbed the hole twitched.

Even after looking for it, there was no place to put a battery in. If the battery ran out, would it be a disposable toy at the end? Or is electricity generated from rubbing it? Or maybe it is a mechanism and the battery is unnecessary?

“Well, this would be embarrassing...”

Although I’m glad that the feeling of rubbing it improved, I can’t take it to school like this. First of all, it’s too large, and I’d look like a perverted ass lover.

“However... this feeling from rubbing it is becoming a habit. Already, this peach, no, I’m a slave to it.”

The peach with an extravagant rubbing sensation that looked like an ass was now an ass peach. Rubbing such an ass peach with both hands, I was troubled as to what I should do.

It would probably be seized if they found me taking it and hiding it.

More importantly, I would definitely be labeled as a pervert.

However, it’s impossible for me to part with this sensation. When the ass was rubbed, the hole would twitch adorably. I can’t leave it in the house after all.

“It gets smaller when smashed, so maybe it’ll be okay to put it in something before taking it?”

It could become considerably smaller from gripping it firmly, and so if I put in a small container it won’t stand out anymore. I won’t be as worried it being found anymore if that’s the case.

“Let’s see, I wonder if we have anything to put it in...”

Even if it’s smaller, I have to bring to school in something that wouldn’t look unnatural.

Thinking about various things, I decided to cram it into a pencil case.

As a result, beyond my expectations it entered without difficulty.

If it’s a pencil case, it wouldn’t be unnatural even if I take it out from the desk during class to rub it.

Though it might get dirty, compared to it being taken away and the danger of being branded a pervert it’s slightly alright.

Arriving at school and sitting at my seat, I immediately took the ass peach out of the pencil case and put it away in the desk, rubbing it inside the desk.

Yeah, happiness. I'm just rubbing the ass peach and I'm satisfied. The name Happy Peach wasn't just showing off.

Three weeks have passed since then, and a mysterious thing began to happen.

When I rubbed the ass peach, together with feeling happy, I thought with extreme clarity.

Although I would rub the ass peach in a daze, rather than being preoccupied by it, a mysterious phenomenon happened that my concentration in class went up.

Even when questioned by the teacher, before I would have been strained and unable to answer well. The moment I calm down and think about feeling of the nearby ass peach, I am able to answer skillfully.

I was also weak in physical education, and feared making a mistake in public. That feeling softened as well, and I became able to do things better.

On average all of my grades began to improve.

With that, mom became unusually kind.

This Happy Peach just might be a miracle peach that really does bring happiness.

Something odd happened suddenly. While rubbing the ass peach as usual during a lesson, the feeling changed abruptly. Rather, it felt like the ass peach moved.

I was surprised and pulled my hand out of the desk and checked the ass peach that I was rubbing. It was definitely moving.

The ass was trembling, and the hole was twitching intensely.

Although I almost raised my voice in surprise, I thrust my hand back into the desk to hide the ass peach, desperately trying to not cry out.

However, my knee hit the bottom of the desk because of my sudden

movements. A big sound rang out.

“Katou, even though you’ve come to have good grades, it’s not good to doze off during the lesson.”

When the teacher who noticed the sound said that, everyone in the class laughed under their breath.

Seems that they misunderstood me to be dozing off. I stood up and apologized to the teacher, then sat down and patted my chest feeling relieved.

Just in case, I didn’t rub the ass peach for the rest of the day, and carefully observed it after I went home.

I returned home right away after school was over and shut myself in my room, telling mom that I was going to study.

“What is this...”

Though I didn’t realize it because I wasn’t watching while rubbing it, letters stood out on the ass peach.

Kurihara Kozue. On the ass, it was clearly written in black letters.

I didn’t write that. Then did someone else write it? When going to physical education and leaving the classroom I would leave it in the desk, but today there was no physical education so I didn’t leave the class. In other words, the ass peach was next to me the entire time.

Moreover, if the ass peach were to be found by someone, I think that it would become a commotion. They’d probably say that I brought an ‘ass toy’ to school and call me an idiot.

However, nothing like that happened and everything was normal.

If that’s the case did it appear on its own? That’s also unbelievable. Even in the case of a mechanism that caused characters to surface after rubbing it, Kurihara Kozue appearing is strange. Because I know Kurihara Kozue.

A girl in my class, the cutest in the entire grade. Her father is Japanese, but her mother came from another country, and Kurihara-san takes after her mother.

With dazzling golden hair and blue eyes, she’s a striking young girl.

Her boobs are also the largest in the grade.

Even if there was a mechanism to have letters appear, the probability that my classmate's name would just up is almost impossible.

Then after all, someone seems to have written it. Though even after rubbing it it didn't disappear, and rather than written on it, it seems exactly like it rose to the surface.

Arbitrarily assuming that it rose to the surface, I suddenly recalled something. Though that doesn't mean I understand it.

While rubbing the ass peach when it changed in class, I was thinking about Kurihara-san.

That she's cute, and that I want to rub her large boobs, is what I thought.

Was my desire reflected on the ass peach? Though I thought it was impossible, the ass peach is a miracle ass, so therefore whatever it is I can't think of it as ridiculous.

"Even so, the feeling of rubbing it got a bit worse..."

Although the smoothness of it didn't change, I feel like the color is more fair than before. I think it is slightly more firm, too.

I wonder if it will change back if I patiently rub it? It would be too regretful to lose that feeling.

Also, I discovered that I would rub it with more perseverance than before. Because even though it was always an ass, since Kurihara-san's name is written on it, it seems that I imagine her while rubbing it.

From an ordinary ass lover, the result was a version upgrade to a delusion of a first year beautiful girl lover.

Although I could evade risks by leaving it in my room, school life without the ass peach isn't worth it. By all means, I want to take it with me to school to rub. Even with the risk, I want to rub it.

Then I have no choice but to be careful to not be found. Yeah.

I observed the ass peach as two hours passed. What I found out is that there was a change other than the color becoming white,

becoming slightly more firm, and the name appearing.

First: When rubbing it, the ass would tremble. It seemed to hate being rubbed at all.

Second: The hole's twitching became intense. When rubbing the ass caused the hole to twitch, and when the hole was touched directly it would tightly shut.

Third: The hole became deep. Before, although I called it a hole before, even if I poked the hole with a pencil it would stop immediately. And now, when I stick the point of the pen in now it completely goes in.

However, when putting it in forcibly, the ass peach seemed a little pitiful and afraid, shaking. I felt like it was in pain.

Though sticking something into a hole tickled my curiosity and made my heart beat strongly. Therefore, even though it is bad for the ass peach, I decided to try accustoming it to it little by little.

One month has passed since the ass peach changed.

Although immediately after the change the ass peach felt firm, it's become soft after diligently massaging it. However, compared to the way it felt before, it still has a long way to go.

With that, I've been continuing with the training of putting the pen into the hole as well. Even though only the point of the pen could enter at first, now something about the size of a finger can enter.

It's wonderful again. Putting the finger into the hole, I was surprised at how comfortable it was. It stuck to my finger as I pulled it out. Moreover, whenever the ass peach trembles the hole shuts tightly, and it felt good.

Moreover, the hole is considerably deep. Even if I put my forefinger in down to the base, there still seemed to be room.

Trying out the pens, I put them all in at once.

When I measured the length, I found that the hole was more than twelve centimeters deep.

That the depth was longer than the diameter of the ass peach was a contradiction. Though it was absolutely strange, since it was the ass peach I decided to just agree with it.

Probably because even if I thought about it, I still wouldn't find the

answer.

As for the ass peach, even though at first it felt that it disliked it when things were put in the hole, recently it seems pleased by it.

Of course, since the ass peach can't talk I don't know what it is actually thinking though. However, when rubbing it, the hole would occasionally open and shut. When I put my finger in at times like that, I felt that it was glad.

It came to the point that while rubbing the ass peach, I would unconsciously stick my finger in the hole.

Two months have passed since then, and my grades have improved as the school year progressed. According to Tamotsu-kun, it's because I don't have friends, is what he said.

Though I may have some friends, the only person who I can call best friend is Tamotsu-kun.

The only thing that I can never break is my 'perfect school attendance brothers' pact.

And now, a new change appeared on the ass peach again. A strange liquid came out from the hole.

It was clear but sticky, and even when I smelled it it was odorless.

Although I was surprised at first, because it became easier to put my finger in and out, it could also be said to be another version upgrade.

With that the hole became flexible. One finger was the limit before, but now three fingers would quickly enter now.

In addition to the hole becoming flexible, the effect of the viscous fluid was big.

The most significant change, letters surfaced again.

Along with Kurihara-san's name being on the surface as usual, something different appeared on the ass.

By something different, I mean that it was a number.

What appeared was a straight light representing 'one'. The kanji '一', also looking like the minus sign.

Since I was surprised when Kurihara-san's name came up, I wasn't as surprised this time. The state of the ass peach was different from

usual.

I had inserted three fingers as usual and enjoyed the feeling of the deep hole. The ass peach trembled more intensely than any reaction that had been shown up till now, considerably impatient. With that, it even shut wonderfully.

At the same time that the strength of the hole lowered, the ‘—’ appeared on the right side of the ass.

From seeing the moment that it appeared this time, I was able to confidently believe that Kurihara-san’s name appeared on its own.

The changes continued.

When I put my finger in the hole to enjoy myself, the ass peach went into convulsions surprisingly intensely and grew weak. Then a straight line appeared.

Under the ‘—’ that came up last time, the line came up the other direction. It looked like an English ‘T’.

Since it seemed to neatly make characters when I continued as I was, I worked diligently to make the ass peach convulse.

Since then, the ass peach has not gone into convulsions easily, but would if worked on gradually. Along with that, the letters that came up increased as well.

Because the first letter that came up was ‘T’, I thought it would be an English word, but my expectations were off.

The amount of straight lines increased without fail. When it was completed the kanji that appeared was ‘正’. Then, when thinking of what kanji starts with ‘正’, the amount of straight lines increased again and my expectations were splendidly wrong again.

Coming up after ‘正’ was ‘—’ under it. Additionally, when completed ‘正’ appeared under the ‘正’.

Though I thought there were be a word where the two ‘正’ were, how many more ‘正’ are there before it’s done? In the end when there were five ‘正’, a sixth came up to the left of the first ‘正’. And then it continued downwards with the ‘正’ again.

To what extent will it continue saying ‘正’ until it’s complete? Then I noticed that it wasn’t a word, but rather was indicating the number of times.

In other words, the amount of times the ass peach twitched

intensely. When a 'ㄒ' was complete, that meant it convulsed five times.

Knowing that, new curiosity sprouted. A big change might happen soon if I steadily continue making 'ㄒ' appear.

Two months have passed since the 'ㄒ' started to appear on the ass peach.

After getting the hang of sending the ass peach into violent convulsions, I kept at the ass peach's hole even when I slept. That my grades didn't fall with that was terrific.

For a moment, the ass peach was filled with the 'ㄒ' words. I say for a moment, because the 'ㄒ' disappeared all at once. And now the word 'ㄅ' is there.

It seems that when twenty 'ㄒ' appear, they will collect into a 'ㄅ'.

Though that got me excited thinking there was a big change, after that a 'ㄒ' appeared under the 'ㄅ'.

To be honest I'm a bit disappointed. However, the comfortable feeling of the hole went up greatly.

More of the viscous liquid comes out than before, and the hole's flexibility also increased. Moreover, the insides undulate, and the hole closed so firmly that you could say it could tear off a finger.

Naturally, new curiosity sprung up. Flexibility went up, the mysterious viscous liquid increased, the insides undulate, and the shutting strength improved. I think that it's normal judgement for a boy to want to put in things other than a finger.

The problem was, whether or not the inside of the hole was dirty. But when thinking about washing it, I realized it wasn't a problem, and didn't worry too much.

The result: amazing. Even if I die, I won't part with the ass peach.

It came to be that I put the thing that began with 'p' and ended with 's' into the ass peach, and discovered something new again.

Though at first I took it out to keep it from getting dirty, it became troublesome after getting used to it, and moreover the desire to be

flooded with reverberations after letting it out began to arise.

I persuaded myself that it would be safe if I washed it, and decided to do it inside.

I'm unable to express the comfortable feeling with words.

When I let it out inside, the ass peach tightened, shutting firmly. And it convulsed. The number of '正' increased too.

It completely became a habit, and I have to let it out at least once after I take it out.

When I finish using it it won't stay clean. Though I tried to wash it thinking that, I noticed something.

It wasn't dirty. The liquid that I was sure was inside was missing.

I put my finger in and opened the hole, but there was nothing there other than the slightly grotesque red meat.

It didn't change no matter how many times I let it out.

The ass peach didn't become dirty no matter how many times I used it. Excellent. Moreover, since I started letting it out in the ass peach, my thoughts became wiser. What could I say, my evil passions disappeared temporarily, and studying started to progress eccentrically.

Thanks to that my grades were the best in the grade. Although my physical education didn't improve, it was still incomparable to before. And the amount of '正' appearing on the ass peach's ass also increased more rapidly than before.

The amount of '百' increased to four.

One thing I'm anxious about.

When the amount of '正' started to increase rapidly, Kurihara-san stopped attending school.

Although Kurihara-san has large breasts, her body is small and has an obedient personality. However, she was rarely absent.

There were more things I was worried about Kurihara-san for.

She would often go to the rest room and the nurse's office during lessons. And that was when I played with the ass peach.

When Kurihara-san fell in the school meeting, I was groping the ass peach in my pocket.

And when Kurihara-san's tone changed, I noticed that there was a

common thing.

When the amount of '正' increases, Kurihara-san would go to the toilet or nurse's office and collapse.

When she was absent from school, I found another common thing.

Because the ass peach was too comfortable, I returned home and let it out many times. The next day, Kurihara-san was absent from school.

So a question was born. And I hypothesized.

Kurihara-san's name came up on the ass peach. Kurihara-san's actions the ass peach's reactions.

The ass peach and Kurihara-san may be connected. In other words, the ass peach and Kurihara-san may be sharing the same senses, something like that.

Proving it is difficult. Because I've never talked with Kurihara-san. Rather, Kurihara-san hardly even talks to boys.

Because Kurihara-san has a gentle personality, she'll probably respond to anyone who talks to her. However, even though some boys aim for Kurihara-san, girls always stay near her to keep the dangerous boys away.

Comparatively, aren't the girls who stick to Kurihara-san associating with boys?

If you think they're dangerous, shouldn't you not associate with them?

I don't understand what girls are thinking.

When the number of '百' hit six, I decided to take action.

I want to prove that the ass peach and Kurihara-san are connected by any means after all. I became too interested, and my grades declined a bit. Thanks to that mom scolded me.

Without having such good grades originally, she doesn't need to get so angry from falling a little...

I'll become a doctor or lawyer in the future, is what mom excitedly says. I'd like to work digging a hole. I'm good at pecking at the hole on the ass peach.

Various things happened, and after Kurihara-san started being

absent more often I decided to visit her house, a sympathy visit. Because I didn't talk to her, I'm tense, and could possibly have the door shut in my face. However, the mystery of the ass peach won't be solved through an eternity of inaction. I mustered my courage, and decided to pay a sympathy visit.

The class ended and it was after school. Today, Kurihara-san was absent because of poor health. Therefore, I went to visit Kurihara-san today.

I ran home and broke the seal on my savings box that I've saved up with for a long time.

When visiting someone, it is necessary to take items with the greeting. Moreover, because Kurihara-san's family seem to be rich, I can't just buy flowers or strawberries.

I scraped the coins out from the savings box and left the house with 3,000 yen packed into my wallet by force.

I first looked for a strawberry shop. But even though I looked for it I couldn't find one.

I reluctantly headed to the supermarket.

To buy the best strawberries, a strawberry specialty store would be better, unfortunate.

I bought two packs of strawberries from the supermarket, wrapping them for the greetings.

I went to a chrysanthemum shop next. Because I like chrysanthemums. If possible, I'd wanted to get plotted ones. However, to my regret, there were no chrysanthemum specialty stores.

I reluctantly headed to the flower shop.

"Is this a present for your mother?"

When I arrived at the flower shop, a sociable onee-san talked to me.

"No, a sympathy visit."

I shook my head no, and replied to the onee-san.

"A sympathy visit huh? What are you looking for?"

Towards the onee-san that talked though I wasn't listening, I thought she was slightly noisy.

"Chrysanthemums. I'd prefer potted."

However, she was a specialist so I added that just in case.

"Hmm?"

The onee-san inclined her head with a smile.

"It's a sympathy visit... right?"

"That's right."

"Then... if that's the case, I think it's better to not get chrysanthemums. Moreover not potted..."

The onee-chan had on a forced smile towards me as if judging me. She's a professional so it might look like I'm getting carried away.

"Why not? Is onee-san a cruel person who likes to embarrass me?"

"No-, that's not it! Well, chrysanthemums, they're used in funerals, not suited for visiting ill people, I'm not trying to embarrass you!"

In a hurry, the onee-san stopped using formal speech and explained in a more casual talk. It's going as well as expected. I'm being completely underestimated.

"Roots are longer in potted plants you know? Long roots signify prolonged sickness, so they are cut to be suited for sympathy visits. I don't think you want the sickness to last longer."

The onee-san continued explaining. Prolonging the sickness? I didn't think of something like that. Rather, I couldn't care less about Kurihara-san. I only thought that potted was good since the chrysanthemum lasted a long time.

I got mad and diverted my gaze from the onee-san, looking for the potted chrysanthemum myself. However, it felt like the ass peach that I kept in my pocket trembled.

When I put my hand in my pocket to confirm, the inside of my pocket was covered with the sticky liquid.

Recently its come to letting out the viscous liquid even if I don't touch

it, and the amount of '正' increases without me doing anything, but there's no reason to muddy my pocket at its own convenience.

I wanted to see what was with the ass peach immediately, but since the onee-san was there it was difficult to check.

Or perhaps I should say, this onee-san was splendid to look at. She even had larger boobs than Kurihara-san.

When I hunted in my pocket while thinking that, something small touched my hand.

What? I only keep the ass peach in my right pocket.

I turned my back to the onee-san and took my hand out of the pocket.

"H-huh? Are you angry? Did you get angry? Onee-san didn't mean any ill will from what she said you know? Since I'm giving you my service, could you please recover your temper?"

Though the onee-san said something, it was ignored while I checked my right hand.

"Ooh!"

"Umm, what happened? Did something good happen? Onee-san wants to know too, ignored onee-san is saaaad."

This onee-san is noisy. Don't pick a quarrel with me in your free time. Putting that aside, my right hand was covered with viscous liquid. And in my palm was the ass peach. However, this ass peach was not the ass peach I knew.

It was a very small ass peach. Like a baby.

Hmm? Baby? Perhaps, did the ass peach give birth?

When I brought my palm close to my face to observe it, small letters came up on the baby ass peach.

Kurahashi Youko. Seems that was written there.

I put my hand back in the pocket and turned around. The onee-san put both her hands on her knees and bent down with a forced smile, looking at me.

When I lower my eyes, I could see big breasts. There was a nameplate on the left side of the blue apron.

Kurahashi.

I saw that and was convinced. The ass peach shows some kind of reaction to my feelings after all.

When I first thought of Kurihara-san, her name appeared. And the baby ass peach was born when I thought about onee-san. Moreover, her name appeared.

I groped the baby ass peach in my pocket to experiment.

“Hmm?”

The onee-san who had inclined her neck raised her body and touched her bottom.

“Is there something wrong?”

While innocently asking the onee-san, I also groped the baby ass peach.

“Ah, no, it’s nothing. It’s nothing, no.”

After hearing my question while the onee-san touched her bottom in an expression that seemed confused, she waved both hands with a forced smile.

She was obviously feeling an inexplicable phenomenon. Moreover, her cheeks were slightly colored.

There’s no mistake. The ass peach is connected to the person whose name it shows. In other words, the parent ass peach is connected to Kurihara-san and the baby ass peach is connected to onee-san.

Before I paid the sympathy visit to Kurihara-san’s house, the mystery was solved. However, now I feel like observing the reaction when the ass peach is groped.

The baby ass peach is too small, nothing could be done. If that’s the case then I have no choice but to use the parent ass peach. Because the parent ass peach had been used for a fairly long time, anything could be done.

Looks like I’m going to visit Kurihara-san’s house after all. There’s a high chance we’ll be alone if I go there for a sympathy visit, a perfect chance to see her reactions. I think that’s the best plan.

Deciding that, I needed to get to Kurihara-san's house even one second faster. This isn't the time to play around with the leisurely onee-san.

"I'll leave the flower to onee-san. My budget is about 1,500 yen."

"Oh, you'll leave it to me? Thank you, onee-san will do her best!"

She patted my head as she said so, seeming strangely happy and began to look through the cut flowers in the store.

Patting my head, she's completely underestimated me. Because Tamotsu-kun and I have a perfect attendance record, do I give off that sort of feeling?

I received an ordinary bouquet from the onee-san, paying 1,500 yen to the florist.

With a smile, the elder said, "Since I gave my service, are you a bit happier?"

Although, even though she served me I'm not that happy since I'm uninterested in flowers.

What I wanted was a potted chrysanthemum.

I walked single-minded with the ordinary bouquet and ordinary strawberries, and arrived at Kurihara-san's house.

"It's a big house huh."

While wandering about the gate out front, I let out a sigh while looking at the big house.

It shouldn't be wrong. Saeki-sensei told me the address, and the door plate had Kurihara written on it.

I checked the nearby houses just in case, but this was the only Kurihara. I'm probably not mistaken.

I paid a sympathy visit to the house of a girl I've never spoken to. The unnaturalness of that caused me to feel nervous.

"Ah, one moment! This black butterfly is rare! Wait wait!"

I'm nervous.

“A-ants! I should have brought cookies... unfortunate.”

I’m nervous.

“Today’s weather is good. Oh, clouds like cotton candy, delicious... I’m hungry.”

I’m nervous.

“U-umm... are you a friend of Kozue?”

While looking at the sky, I heard a voice from behind.

I turned around. There was a blonde woman looking at me from the shadow of the black gatepost.

Her eyes were blue. Big boobs. Seeing her boobs, Kurihara-san’s sister?

“Ah, no, I’m not on good enough terms with Kozue-san to be called a friend, but I’m in the same class as her. My name is Katou Akiharu. I came to pay Kozue-san a sympathy visit. I’m sorry to intrude even though I’m not on good terms with her. I am really sorry for this.”

Because of my nervousness, I wasn’t able to speak that well.

“Ara, ara ara, ara ara ara ara, maa maa maa maa maa!”

The onee-san, who that was looking at me with a suspicious face, gave a smile that filled her entire face at my words and ran up to the iron fence between gateposts.

Her boobs shook. It was wonderful.

“A friend of Kozue!? This is the first time a friend came! Come in! Come in, please!”

Gripping my hand with an incredible strength, the onee-san dragged me into the house.

At any rate, the onee-san was a bit different from Kurihara-san. Although Kurihara-san has a dark blonde hair, onee-chan’s blonde shines.

Kurihara-san looks somewhat Japanese-ish, while onee-san looks like a foreigner from television.

Speaking of mother resemblances, onee-san may resemble her

mother more than Kurihara-san.

We entered the room, and I was dragged to a place that seemed to be the living room. Quite an aggressive sister. I wonder if she was Americanized?

But then, I don't know which country Kurihara-san's mother is from.

"Please wait there for a moment! I'll put on the tea kettle now! Ufufu!"

The onee-san who had me sit on the sofa affixed her hand to her mouth and laughed, walking out from the living room cheerfully.

The onee-san was beautiful. Kurihara-san is incredibly beautiful, with big boobs that look like an adult's. However, she was like a child compared with onee-san.

It's good, I'd love to have an onee-san with boobs that big.

When I thought such a thing, the ass peach in my pocket trembled. Thinking it impossible, my pocket became sticky with the usual liquid, and there were two small things other than the parent ass peach.

Taking out my hand, there were two baby ass peaches on my palm full of viscous liquid.

One was the baby ass peach where the flower shop onee-san's name came up. The other was probably just now born.

"Kurihara Solange... Oh, amazing!"

Because the family name was Kurihara, I thought that it might be the name of Kurihara-san's onee-chan. Other than that, I was surprised when I saw the given name appear.

Even if I'm surprised, the name is katakana. Obviously a foreign name, it was probably converted to katakana because I couldn't read the original.

"Thank you, ass peach. You thought that I wouldn't be able to read the foreign language, and you translated it to katakana on purpose..."

I said that and stroked the baby ass peach with a finger.

“Hyau!?”

Just then, the onee-san's scream was heard off in the distance. Is this baby ass peach connected with Solange-san, Kurihara-san's onee-chan?

Right now, I am dazed and staring into the distance.

“Eh? What happened? Did I say something strange?”

I'm being looked at strangely by Solange-san, who sat down on the sofa that I was on, with an uneasy face.

A strange thing? Oh, I said that, I said something wonderfully strange. Because it was such a strange thing, I unconsciously escaped from reality.

The onee-san of Kurihara-san who was sitting nearby, wasn't an onee-san but rather okaa-san. [TN: Mother]

You're kidding right? She's different from my mom entirely. How do you become a mother like that?

“S-sorry? A friend of Kozue's came over for the first time, and I think that I flew for a moment. It's no fun talking to an old lady after all?”

Solange-san became depressed. Even if Solange-san says I'm not happy talking with her, who's the obaa-san? Who's she talking about? [TN: Obaa-san -> grandma/auntie]

Solange-san who had gotten depressed forced out a smile and stood up.

“Kozue is on the second floor. After all you should talk to friends first right?”

Kurihara-san isn't friends with me though. While thinking about that, Solange-san guided me to Kurihara-san's room.

However, Solange-san seems to be weak in various ways. Mainly I think she's mentally fragile. Kurihara-san is quiet too, do both the inside and the outside match the mother?

“This is Kozue's room.”

When she stopped in front of the door, Solange-san who climbed the

stairs and went to the second floor and walked along the hallway and looked back, saying that to me.

Then, when Solange-san knocked on the door, she talked with the person on the other side.

Though it doesn't matter, is Solange-san truly a foreigner? Even though she's so good at Japanese. Although there is no sense of inconsistent intonations, the gap between her appearance and her behavior felt incongruent.

Even if Kurihara-san has blonde hair and blue eyes, her blonde hair was dark. Even if she's good at Japanese as well, there didn't seem to be as much of a sense of incongruity due to her somewhat Japanese atmosphere.

Kurihara-san seems to be Japanese-born to begin with.

When I returned to my senses, Solange-san was entering the room. I panicked and followed her.

The room was very wide, and arranged beautifully. It smelled very good too.

The color of the curtains matched the wallpaper, desk, and table. Everything seemed wonderful, but it was a quiet color and atmosphere.

Thinking about that, this is the first time I've been in a girl's room. So this is a girl's room, huh? Indeed a rich atmosphere.

"Kozue, are you awake? A friend came to visit."

Solange-san approached the large bed next to the wall, kneeling down next to it and spoke to the sleeping person.

Of course, because it's Kurihara-san's room, she is talking to Kurihara-san.

Wonderful. If such a big bed were in my room, it would fill the room. To begin with, is such a big bed necessary? I can't think of the meaning of having one that big. I think she should live more reasonably.

"A friend? Who?"

Kurihara-san, who was lying idle in the bed, got up from Solange-san's urging and looked at me standing behind her.

“Katou-kun? Why?”

Her blue eyes opened wide. Somehow or another it looks like seeing me surprised her considerably.

“Kozue, he brought flowers and strawberries. Here, the flowers are beautiful and there are a lot of strawberries. It’s bad if you don’t seriously give thanks.”

“Waaah, pretty flowers. The strawberries also look good.”

Solange-san showed Kurihara-san the flowers and strawberries I’d handed her. Seeing them, Kurihara-san smiled and her blue eyes sparkled with stars.

Nothing that isn’t known is known. The strawberries aren’t from a strawberry shop. They’re from the supermarket. If they were compared with ones from a strawberry shop, it’s amazing they are even shaped like strawberries.

Same with the compromised flowers, too. Plotted chrysanthemums would have been good. That leisurely onee-chan was completely bad when it came to the flowers. Though I wanted to come to Kurihara-san’s house even one second sooner, I regretted compromising on the flowers.

I came to the sympathy visit with goods I was dissatisfied with.

“Thank you, Katou-san. So much, hasn’t your pocket money disappeared?”

Receiving the bouquet from Solange-san, Kurihara-san said such a thing while gently embracing the bouquet.

Do you want to say I’m poor? My pocket money is exactly 500 yen a month, and since that had already been used I needed the money from my savings that I’d been saving for a long time. Isn’t an expression like that rude?

“They smell good. Mother, I’d like to display these in my room.”

“Okay, I’ll put them in a vase and display it later.”

Despite me feeling uncomfortable, Solange-san and Kurihara-san had a pleasant conversation.

Well it’s fine, I’m not even Kurihara-san’s friend, and the reason I

came here today was to confirm the relation between the name on the ass peach and the person themselves.

“Then, because tea is being prepared, it would be rude for me to keep you waiting.”

“It’s okay, ahh, mother is a worrywart.”

“But, it’s because a friend came over for the first time, I...”

“S-stop it, don’t say something like that. I’m not embarrassed...”

Looking at the two with a glance exchanging conversations in a whisper-like conversation, they gave me a smile. Somewhat creepy. And then, after Solange-san said I was the first friend to visit many times over, I couldn’t understand.

Because Kurihara-san is popular, and seems to have a lot of friends too.

“Then, Katou-kun, please continue your favors towards Kozue.”

“M-mother, please stop! It’s so embarrassing.”

Solange-san walked over to me after standing, touching my shoulder gently and smiling. Kurihara-san raised her voice with a blushing face.

Noisy people.

“Yes yes, mother said too much and will promptly leave.”

Solange-san then left the room.

Hmph, although various things happened, I’m alone with Kurihara-san as planned.

However, my interest turned towards Solange-san.

Solange-san is a beauty. Her breasts are larger and she is more attractive than Kurihara-san.

However, the ass peach with Solange-san’s name was still just a baby and was only able to be stroked.

Because there was no other way, should I experiment with Kurihara-san according to the schedule after all?

I put my hand into my pocket, grasping the large ass peach. I walked to the bed where Kurihana-san was.

Let me see it, what will Kurihara-san’s reaction be? Let’s start the experiment.

Chapter Two

I wonder if that's negligee? Although I don't know much about it, Kurihara-san is wearing beautiful faint pink clothing. It was so thin and transparent that I could see her underwear.

As expected, her boobs were quite big. Well, they're still quite small compared to Solange-san.

Kurihara-san's face reddened and she quickly put on the beige cardigan that was at her bedside to cover her chest. I wonder if she caught my glance? She buttoned it up, hiding her breasts before getting out of bed.

Although wearing the cardigan hid the area from her chest to thighs, the below that was still transparent. It felt abnormally lewd.

Girls like this wears such transparent pajamas? Or is Kurihara-san special?

Moving to the table at the center of the room, Kurihara-san sat on the zabuton. [TN: Zabuton is a small square floor pillow.]

"K-Katou-kun too, please..."

She called out to me in a slightly trembling voice.

Prompted by Kurihara-san, I sat on a zabuton across the table from her.

Kurihara-san continued looking downwards and didn't say anything. Time passed without anything happening.

To be honest although I'm incredibly uncomfortable, it's fine. There's nothing to talk about even if we spoke, and above all it'd be troublesome. Let's start the experiment now then.

I put my right hand into my pocket and thrust my thumb into the hole of the parent ass peach. A soggy sensation was transmitted to my thumb.

“!?”

With a start, the ass peach trembled. Kurihara-san who was sitting upright trembled as well.

Though I was already convinced, I wasn't wrong after all. The person with that name on the ass peach and the ass peach shared senses.

When I moved my thumb in and out, the ass peach trembled slightly and the hole tightened.

“Nn-, ku-, fuuu-o-one moment sorry-”

Kurihara-san stood up and held her mouth closed with her hands, leaving the room with an unsteady gait.

Now that I'm alone, I took the ass peach out of my pocket. I then witnessed an entertaining spectacle.

The '㊦' came up on the ass peach, rapidly multiplying by itself without me doing anything. The ass peach trembled violently and the hole was incredibly firm.

After a while, after the amount of '㊦' increased by three, I heard the sound of footsteps at the door and I put the ass peach away.

Immediately after that the door opened and Kurihara-san entered.

“S-sorry. I remembered something and went to my mother.”

Kurihara-san gave an excuse even though I wasn't listening. Her cheeks were dyed red and her breathing was rough. She seemed like she had a somewhat refreshed expression on though.

“I don't mind.”

When I answered Kurihara-san, I thrust my thumb into the ass peach's hole in my pocket. Now, the hole was larger than earlier and I stirred my thumb in it without mercy.

“Kuu-!?”

With her hand placed on the table, Kurihara-san who was about to sit on the zabuton, stiffened while half-sitting and trembled.

“S- sorry-. I remembered something again-.”

Standing up again, she once again left the room.

When I took out the ass peach to confirm, the amount of '正' increased rapidly on its own once again.

I see, I get the gist of it.

Earlier I said that the person with their name on the ass peach shared senses with it, but it seems the opposite is also true.

In short, that's probably it.

In other words, Kurihara-san left the room with her asshole being fingered.

Stabbing three fingers into the hole of the ass peach for the experiment, I stirred it around mercilessly.

I think I've been doing this for about thirty minutes now? Meanwhile, Kurihara-san hasn't returned.

No, not that she hasn't come back, but can't come back. She's probably shut herself up in the restroom.

Because there was a chance that Kurihara-san might be able to do something if I stopped groping the ass peach, I stood up while continuing to grope it. Then left the room while removing all traces.

Wandering down the hallway, I heard a faint voice. It's probably Kurihara-san.

When I approached the voice I arrived in front of the door. It's probably the restroom.

Placing my ear to the door while groping the ass peach, the voice seemed to be Kurihara-san's after all.

Desperately trying to muffle her voice, she was breathing roughly.

"F-feels sooo goood, it's increeeedible, moooore-, moooore inteeense!"

She said it in such a low voice that I couldn't hear it if I didn't concentrate. However, I definitely heard it.

So it feels good after all huh? I was thinking that because of the ass peach's reactions, but I guess I wasn't wrong.

So Kurihara-san missing school was because of me after all.

I did something bad. From now on, I'll pay attention to the time I grope it.

Since I had two other ass peaches than Kurihara-san's, I can

probably give more break times than before.

Returning to Kurihara-san's room, I stopped groping the ass peach, put it into my pocket and waited for her to return.

After twenty more minutes, Kurihara-san came back.

In the end, I left Kurihara-san's house without having any significant conversation with her.

Solange-san was very sad, she wanted me to stay and eat dinner with them, but it was troublesome so I turned it down.

Though both of them are beautiful, there's nothing to talk about. It wouldn't be enjoyable because I'd get uncomfortable and become worn out you know?

However, just as I was about to leave, Kurihara-san grabbed my sleeve and said, "I'll talk to you at school next time!"

Talk to me huh... We don't have anything in common to talk about. I don't want the other girls in the class to pin me down with their glares either.

Without responding to Kurihara-san, I quickly left.

When I arrived home, after eating dinner, I told mom that I was going to study and shut myself in my room.

While I ate dinner, although I observed mom, as expected she was entirely different from Solange-san.

Solange-san sure is beautiful. Her boobs are big too. Thinking about her made me want to use the ass peach.

I entered the room and checked the ass peach.

Although the baby ass peach grew a little, it was still small and had a way to go. At this point not even the tip of a pen could enter its hole.

Thinking about it, the ass peach grew larger from being groped.

It might be that the more I care for the ass peach, the more it grows.

For now, since I was turned on I used Kurihara-san's ass peach

twice while imagining Solange-san. Though I feel refreshed thanks to that, sorry Kurihara-san.

Anyways, after that I continued to play with the baby ass peach.

As expected, the more I groped it the more the ass peach grew. My first priority was to grope Solange-san's ass peach. I also occasionally groped Florist Onee-chan's ass peach. As a result, they grew considerably. Solange-san's ass peach grew to about the same size as Kurihara-san's. Now Florist Onee-san's ass peach is about two sizes smaller than Solange-san's. There's a limit to caring for two at the same time, so I'm putting Florist Onee-san off for a bit.

With this, even though I still use Kurihara-san's ass peach when I'm feeling turned on, I don't leave her sore. Thanks to that she hasn't been absent from school.

However, Kurihara-san seems more gloomy than before or something and is quiet.

I wonder if it's because of the affection towards the ass peach. I might have to diligently care for it once in a while.

Additionally, although it's reached the point that I can also use Solange-san's ass peach, when it comes to the sensation and love towards it Kurihara-san's comes in first after all.

On days that I used Kurihara-san's ass peach, she seemed to even be happy, and was in good spirits too.

I guess affection is influencing it after all?

Half a year passed since then, and the school year went up a grade. Kurihara-san's breasts were also growing rapidly.

Even so, the amount of ass peaches haven't increased.

Although it's not that there isn't other interesting girls, it's more like I was trying to not become too interested in other girls.

Since if I got more ass peaches, I wouldn't be able to cope with them all.

Three are enough. Each of the three are pretty and have their own personality.

Kurihara-san's ass peach is easy to use in all respects. It's flexible, strong in tightening, and is the most comfortable.

Solange-san's ass peach is a bit bad at closing. The hole was probably big to begin with. However, its reactions were the most intense and was interesting. Because the hole was loose, I decided to use it when I wanted it to take a while.

Florist Onee-san's ass peach takes the most effort. Or perhaps I should call it spoiled? If I don't use it, it seems to cry by jiggling softly. And comparatively, using it feels the worst.

Well, even though I said that, it's cute and I don't mind taking care of it.

Therefore, I made it a rule to take Florist Onee-chan's ass peach when I go to school.

With that sort of feeling, I spent my usual ordinary days.
Until that day.

After school, while walking down the hallway to leave, there was Kurihara-san. She was walking down the hallway alone.

Although Kurihara-san was surrounded by girls during school, it seems she was alone when going to and from school. Though I go alone, too.

Although I used to go to and from school with Tamotsu-kun, he doesn't talk to me much anymore and I'm alone more often now.

This was due to my grades stabilizing at the head of the grade. Moreover my physical education improved about the same. I became famous, and was talked but a lot of girls.

It seems that Tamotsu-kun didn't seem to find that amusing.

That doesn't mean I liked being talked to, it actually annoyed me a lot. Since I can't play with the ass peach freely when I'm attracting attention.

Therefore, it's recently become impossible to grope the ass peach in the classroom. So I've been going to the restroom during breaks to grope it.

Tedious.

Apart from that, I was interested in Kurihara-san walking alone down

the hallway and decided to follow her.

Kurihara-san was looking down, seeming lonely as she walked trudgingly. She arrived at a restroom that was particularly close to a classroom.

Classrooms like the science lab and chemistry lab weren't that popular after school. Furthermore, they were considerably far from the rooms normally used for studying.

Though there is a restroom here, why did she head to a place like this?

I, who pursued Kurihara-san and kept a distance between us, saw Kurihara-san enter the restroom. I drew close to the restroom and listened carefully.

I couldn't hear anything. Even when I looked around, there was no signs of anyone nearby.

I put a hand into my pocket and touched the ass peach.

Dangit, I should have brought Kurihara-san's ass peach. As usual, I'd brought Florist Onee-san's ass peach today.

Since this child was spoiled, it begins to tremble immediately when I don't touch it. It's a bit troublesome, but it's kind've cute. Moreover, even though it's not the best the inferior sensation from using seems, conversely, cute.

Even though I waited in front of the restroom for a while, Kurihara-san didn't come out.

I could only imagine what she was doing. I'd encountered at this spot many times up till now. However, it being after school is strange. Returning home would be safer no matter how you looked at it.

Looking around the surroundings again, when I confirmed no one was there, I entered the restroom.

Most of the doors lined up were open. Only the last one was closed. Kurihara-san is probably in that one.

So as to not make noise, I carefully approached the last door, and strained my ears.

“Why, why? Although no matter how much I hated it, it happened forcibly at first, now I want it to happen, why-”

Kurihara-san's voice resonated in the restroom. That voice wasn't the muffled voice that I'd heard till now. With that, if someone entered the restroom they'd hear it.

“Did you get tired of me? Heeey, did you get tired of me? Did you!? Answer, and touch me like before-!”

Breathing heavily, Kurihara-san raised her voice in heartbreak. Along with the voice was a sopping kind of sound.

I'm not particularly tired of you or anything. It's just that recently, Florist Onee-san's ass peach has been unreasonable and I've merely been showing it some affection.

Kurihara-san's ass peach still feels the best.

“Please, someone find me. It hurts, I'm not satisfied by myself. Someone please find meeeee!”

With that echoing voice, I understood why Kurihara-san came here. Of course, with Kurihara-san's ass peach not being used recently, she's frustrated.

And so, she wants someone to grope her ass and was purposely raising her voice, eager for someone to do it.

But since she secluded herself in this unpopular restroom, she was afraid of actually being found.

Well, that's how it is. If I grope your ass at school, you can't come to school.

Should I be helpful, and tell someone about Kurihara-san here? If it's Tamotsu-kun he'd be incredibly happy, and he'd probably stop ignoring me.

Althooooough, Tamotsu-kun is unexpectedly talkative huh. If he told everyone and Kurihara-san stopped coming to school, I'd even feel a bit of responsibility.

There's no other way. Do I have no other choice but to do something here? To be honest, it's troublesome, but I might be able to feel Kurihara-san's boobs if I got on good relations with her.

Letting out a sigh, I knocked on the door. At that moment, a bang sounded out from inside.

She's probably surprised. Though she wanted to be found, there was a conflicting desire of her not wanted to be found. Now she's in a place that if she were found she'd have no escape.

Well, I have a feeling this is going to be awfully troublesome.

"Kurihara-san right? It's me, Katou. Do you remember when I paid you the sympathy visit before? Don't worry, although I don't think it's a good idea to finger yourself at a school restroom, I won't tell anyone."

More than awkwardly taking her into consideration, I was being honest. Kurihara-san should be at ease. Additionally, I seemed like I didn't have ulterior motives.

"K-Katou-kun!? The same class as me, Katou Akiharu-kun!?"

Her voice coming from the other side of the door was trembling and sounded like it was going to burst into tears soon.

"Yeah, I'm that Katou-kun. In fact, I've known that Kurihara-san has been coming to this restroom to finger herself for a while now. But I haven't told anyone you know? I also won't tell anyone in the future. Therefore, I think it's better if you stop doing something like this."

It would be a problem if she were found out, and I'm also a bit anxious about it. Since it's safe at her house, she should obediently return home and finger herself there.

For a while after that, silence ruled in the restroom.

Kurihara-san is beautiful and has big boobs, but this silence is a bit awkward... Although she's cute for a girl, her charm as a person isn't felt so much.

On the other hand, there's the Florist Onee-chan. Her chattering nonstop is bothersome, but with her nature of always wanting to help, I wonder if her merits are better than Kurihara-san's? Though I think that, I don't understand it well myself.

Although Solange-san is the same as Kurihara-san and I'm interested in her because she has big boobs, her hole is loose and

the shutting strength is bad.

Thinking about her blank surprise, with Kurihara-san's lack of a response, I thought about turning around and leaving.

With this warning, it isn't my fault even if Kurihara-san gets into trouble. It won't be because of me.

When I started to walk, I heard a clanking noise, and the door opened up a small amount.

"Katou-kun, only?"

I could see her blue eye looking towards me.

There's no one with me, I checked to make sure myself. I don't think it would be good to leave this to someone else.

"Just me. Making noise would be bad. Right? So you should go home."

Towards the blue eye watching me from the crack, I answered.

"R-really? Besides Katou-kun, it's true no one else is here?"

Blah, so troublesome. I even confirmed it. Come on, hurry up and leave the restroom and go home.

Although I thought I might be able to massage her boobs if things turned out well, that already won't work, she should hurry up and leave this place even one second faster.

"C-come in!"

"W-whaaat!"

Suddenly, the door forcibly opened and a white hand stretched out. Gripping my wrist, she forcibly pulled me into the stall.

After I entered the stall, the door slammed with a bang. It locked.

"I-I don't believe you. Not telling anyone, I don't..."

Her voice trembled. Raising her head, Kurihara-san glared at me with a terrible look. Her body trembled.

Enough about that, I doubted my eyes. Kurihara-san was naked. With the exception of her stockings, she wasn't wearing anything.

Kurihara-san's right arm concealed her big boobs, and her left hand

was holding her nether region. With her ears blushing, she glared at me intensely.

It's the first time I've seen Kurihara-san like this. With this, her boobs seem larger than when she has clothes on.

"U-undress."

"Huh?"

"Take off your pants!"

What is she talking about? With her naked, why should I take off my pants too? I don't get it.

"No, unlike Kurihara-san I don't have a hobby of getting nude at school."

"Uuuu."

Kurihara-san's face twitched at my words. Seems like I hit her weak point.

Still, Kurihara-san's stern facial expression didn't lessen and she stepped forward.

"Because I'll tell."

"Huh?"

"B-because I'll tell the teachers that Katou-kun attacked me in the restroom."

"What?"

W-what's up with her. Threatening me while nude herself, what kind of education has she gotten? What must her parents be like?

Oh, now that you mention it I've seen her mom. She's beautiful...

"I-I don't trust you. T-that's why we'll share the secret! N-neither of us will reveal the secret. It'll be ruin for both of it. Right? If that's the case I can trust you!"

Kurihara-san smiled widely even though she was trembling. What's with that 'Right?'? Come on. Saying that we'd both be ruined if the secret got out, but wouldn't it just be disadvantageous for me? Since I'm not doing anything bad.

"Nope. Aren't you just saying something like that at your own convenience? If I took off my pants here, you'd really have my

weakness, so I won't do it."

"Uuu..."

At my answer, Kurihara-san began to cry as tears started falling. Even if she cries, useless is useless. Although Kurihara-san doesn't have my weakness now, she threatened to tell a lie about me, so if she really did have my weakness, I would have to listen to anything she said.

It's impossible for me to accept conditions that are entirely disadvantageous to me.

"Th-then, what do I do for you to keep the secret?"

"Huh? I said I wouldn't tell anyone you know?"

"... Something like that, I don't believe it."

"Blah, so troublesome."

I unconsciously said it out loud due to how bothersome she was being.

I want to leave already. Although hidden by her arm, I was able to see real boobs and am satisfied. And now I want to just leave Kurihara-san alone.

When I went to the door to leave the stall, Kurihara-san moved to block the door by spreading her hands.

Ooh, boobs in full view. Furthermore, they were bouncing back and forth in reaction to her movements.

"Y-you're not leaving. I'll shout you know? Shout "help~!" you know? Wouldn't that trouble Katou-kun?"

Kurihara-san opened her eyes as wide as she raised her voice. From her eyes, she's completely forgotten herself. Rather, she was already shouting.

It's just, we can't talk in this atmosphere. I really don't know what to do with today's Kurihara-san.

Although they say it's dangerous when a quiet person goes crazy, it's true huh.

What to do? It was dangerous to get a hold of her weakness after all. But though boobs are beautiful huh. White, big and soft. They jiggle when Kurihara-san moves. They look like pudding.

Moreover, the ends were pink and were standing up. I want to touch

them.

But you know, I don't like losing to temporary desire... I have the ass peach, and don't think I should do something risky like being lewd towards Kurihara-san.

"Don't want to. Move over, I want to go."

"No! I won't budge!"

"If you keep being unreasonable, I'll tell everyone you know? No matter what happens, I think that's better than Kurihara-san getting a hold of my weakness. So, move over. Since I'll keep your secret."

From my words while staring straight at Kurihara-san, her expression saddened.

Seems to be my win. Well, it was natural. I gave a sound argument that couldn't be retorted to.

But then again, I'm the one that made Kurihara-san become like this.

"... Please, please. You're telling the truth, so... don't leave."

Tears began to spill from Kurihara-san's blue eyes like rain. She fell to the floor on her knees and clung to my pants.

"Wanting to share secrets, it was a lie. I already knew from the start that Katou-kun wouldn't say anything you know? I thought that "if it's this person, they probably won't say anything", so I threatened you..."

Her small voice seemed to be a murmur as she spoke, trembling weakly.

"It's painful. I'm not satisfied doing it by myself. I want somebody to do it and can't stand it. But when I thought of the people I knew, it was scary..."

I understood what Kurihara-san wanted to say. I mean, dragging me into the stall from the beginning was to threaten me into it.

And so now she wants to persuade me with tears? Truly a troublesome person. It's obvious that being involved with her would be indecent.

"I don't even have friends. I don't have anyone. Everyone hates me.

Because I'm like this, everyone thinks to themselves that I'm bothersome. Even that sympathy visit, no, even coming to my house, Katou-kun was the first. Only Katou-kun... is my friend."

I felt a chill down my back and tried to run away. However, I couldn't move because she was clinging to my legs.

What to do, this person, she might be more dangerous than I thought. After crying up till now and clinging to me, she looked up towards me with a strangely ominous smile.

Probably nothing I say would help.

"I-I would never do something like annoy Katou-kun. If Katou-kun ordered it I'd do it. I'll do anything for Katou-kun. Therefore, please make use of me..."

As Kurihara-san said that with her boobs pressed against my leg, she began to lower the zipper of my pants by herself.

Right after she said she would never annoy me, isn't she annoying me right now?

Should I call for help? Though, if someone saw us right now, I think they would listen to what Kurihara-san said over me.

At the point where I was dragged into the stall, I was already in a disadvantageous situation.

With Kurihara-san having that weird smile, she took my penis out from behind my zipper. Then she opened her mouth and put it in.

"Uu-"

I unconsciously let out a voice at the warm and slimy feeling.

It felt good, incredibly good.

Looking down, I saw Kurihara-san on her knees on the floor. Her chest exposed, her boobs were swaying.

With my penis becoming big and plump, I stopped thinking.

"Agreement... approved?"

Letting go of my penis, Kurihara-san said that while looking up and smiling at me.

Well, yeah, although it's become something troublesome, her beautiful boobs are big. Besides, it feels good, isn't that enough?

Chapter Three

>

It would become a very troublesome thing. Though I thought that, it wasn't like that looking at the outcome.

Kurihara-san was obedient towards me, and really listened to anything I said.

Consequently, when I told her to pee on the way home from school with an utterly dubious face, she really lowered her underwear and peed on the roadside.

Peeing outside is a crime. Although I didn't really think that she would do it and was surprised, when I recovered Kurihara-san was squatting and peeing.

The sitting pose was safe, yeah.

Also, when I told her to strip in the physical education supply room during physical education, she really stripped. I hurriedly stopped her when she tried to pee of her own accord.

If she peed in the physical education supply room, the teacher would get angry. The room would reek of pee.

Towards Kurihara-san who selfishly acted on her own without being told to, I scolded her just a bit. Then Kurihara-san cried and begged forgiveness. According to her, she seems to have thought that she'd be disliked by me if she didn't play it by ear and read my mind.

I can't be read at all. That's an entirely fruitless exercise.

Anyway, it appears to be true that she should have listened to any order I gave her. Though foreseeing that she would do something I couldn't predict of her own accord, I was stumped. Since the person herself was innocent it was even nastier.

So I dedicated to make some rules.

One, don't anticipate my orders.
Two, don't speak to me at school.

I ordered these two rules to be followed without fail.
And Kurihara-san obeyed by orders properly.

One week after I made the rules. Kurihara-san was more or less following the rules.

I say more or less because rather than not following them, perhaps I should say that she's exploited a loophole in the rules.

Poking butt holes is her specialty, so it seems she's good at poking holes in things.

When class ended, Kurihara-san stood up and started to wander around my seat. She stopped now and then, looking at me with twinkling eyes.

She certainly wasn't talking to me. However, like this the rule of not speaking to me had no meaning.

The girls in the class also seemed to notice and began to question her inexplicable behavior.

Kurihara-san probably doesn't mean any harm. I wonder if she thinks it's fine so long as she doesn't speak? Even though the current situation is more of a problem than speaking normally...

On that subject, Kurihara-san isn't aware of that though, she appears to be a bit slow. She's also bad at sports. In short, you should say she's a person who's only good for their looks.

Since Kurihara-san wanders nearby during every break time, it's become impossible for me to grope the ass peach during breaks. Coincidentally, that means that Kurihara-san becomes frustrated.

Even so, I can't play with Kurihara-san's ass peach during class. If I did that, Kurihara-san would end up having to go back and forth from the infirmary.

Even going to the restroom, Kurihara-san follows me, like two people on good terms with each other going to restroom.

So other than times when I really need to use the restroom, I can't

grobe the ass peach in the restroom.
In other words, Kurihara-san's frustration accelerated.

"W-why? Why are you avoiding me?"

While walking home from school with Kurihara-san following me like usual, she asked with a sad face.

This person, is she serious? Has she really not realized it's her actions that's been digging her own grave?

Because of her excessively foolish behavior, I thought she was doing it on purpose at first. Her seriousness caused my mouth to hang wide open.

"S-since we left the school, you said you'd do ecchi things, you said right? Katou-kun said it right?"

Kurihara-san, who had been walking trudgingly, picked up her pace to stand next to me. Her blue eyes were sparkling with anticipation. Though I certainly said that, I'm tired and not in the mood. Because of Kurihara-san, I'm utterly exhausted mentally.

I didn't do something. I didn't concentrate on the rules more. I think that if a person doesn't do something from a to z in order, that person is no good.

"I'm going home for the day. I'm worn out from Kurihara-san's bothering."

"S-sorry! I-I didn't mean any harm! Since I'm not that smart, was it something I said? Because I'll do anything! Should I pee on the roadside again?"

In a hurry so that she wouldn't be abandoned by me, Kurihara-san put her hands into her skirt then and there and lowered her underwear.

Looking around, several old men were walking on the street, watching Kurihara-san with dazzling eyes. There were some old women too, but they didn't seem to notice.

"Didn't I say that you shouldn't do things on your own? I was just interested in where pee comes out from girls, not that I was particularly interested in seeing it. So pull up your underwear."

“S-sorry!”

Kurihara-san bowed deeply at my words and put back on the underwear that had been lowered to her knees. She was watching me with careful attention. So I put on a forced smile.

The passing old men glared at me and clicked their tongues.

“Then, what do you want to do? Will you go home obediently?”

I asked Kurihara-san while letting out a sigh.

“I-I’ll follow your order! S-so, I want Katou-kun to give me an order! I’ll do anything so order me anything!”

Kurihara-san replied in a bright smiling face. It was incredibly irritating.

Despite me hearing that she wants anything, she ordered it. Although I’d prefer a submissive appeal from Kurihara-san, it’s none of my concern. Because I heard it, I should answer frankly.

I was so amazed at the conversation that was so out of whack that my mental fatigue only increased.

Even though all I said that I was going home, she responded by saying she would do anything I said. If left like this, it won’t go anywhere.

“Hey, Kurihara-san.”

“P-please call me Kozue! It’s fine to call me with my first name!”

When I called her name, she said such a thing.

I don’t want to call her Kozue. I also don’t want to call her name without honorifics. If I did something like that, this person would be under the impression that the wall between us disappeared, and would just be more likely to do things on her own.

Tamotsu would like me to keep a fixed distance between me and Kurihara-san.

“Hey, Kurihara-san.”

“... Yeah.”

Since she wanted me to call her without honorifics, Kurihara-san became despondent.

“Want to come to my house?”

“.... Ueh?”

When I asked Kurihara-san, who was feeling down and hanging her head, she raised her head and let out an idiotic sound.

We stand out too much quarreling in the middle of the way like we are, so taking her to my house is better. Then she can go home when she’s satisfied.

“Don’t want to come? Then—”

“I-I’ll go! I’ll definitely go!”

Vigorously raising her right hand in response, Kurihara-san’s cheeks were dyed pink and a smile covered her entire face.

Arriving at my house, we entered from the front door. Behind me, Kurihara-san was emitting an aura full of delight while following me with a smile.

It’s troubling. This person, although she’s cute since it was dark her natural cuteness was suppressed. When she walked with a smile across her entire face, most people turned around to stare. In short, she stood out.

I wonder if someone from our school saw us... That would be troublesome...

I have to concentrate the rules after all. If I’m unlucky I’ll get bullied at school.

“Mom, I brought at friend home. We’re going to study together.”

Walking down the hallway and facing the kitchen, I opened the door and called out.

A friend? That’s unusua-... eh?”

Mom, who was reading a magazine while sitting on a chair by the dining table, looked up and froze.

“B-blonde hair? Blue eyes? Eh? This child, isn’t she Kurihara-san?”

With a quivering voice, mom asked me that.

Since Kurihara-san is famous. She was a popular topic during parent’s day. Which reminds me, I’ve never seen Solange-san on the parent’s days.

I get the feeling she doesn’t come because of anxiety around strangers.

“Eh? W-why did you bring Kurihara-san home? No matter how good your grades have been recently, how did you grab hold onto such a high level girl...”

Although I thought she was saying something fairly rude, meh. Whatever.

“P-pl-ple-pleas-good to meet you. I-I’m-K-Ku-Kurihara, Kozue. I-I’m... K-Ka-Katou-kun’s... friend!”

Kurihara-san introduced herself to mom and was fidgeting with a bright red face. Moreover, compared to her relatively quiet voice, she emphasized “friend” with flaring eyes.

Although moms usually are, this is also troublesome.

It’s best to get to my room immediately.

“B-but the tea-!”

“Don’t need it. It’s fine. And Kurihara-san isn’t a guest. We’re studying. It’s hard to focus if you do unnecessary things.”

After trying to get up to prepare tea from sitting, mom was stunned.

“Besides, if we fuss too much for her, it’ll be difficult for Kurihara-san. Since she came to study, for things like tea, cakes, or chatting, it’d be better off at a library. So don’t mind it. See ya.” [TN: ... This is not the reasoning you are looking for. *waves hands*]

Giving mom the decisive blow, I turned around and started walking down the hallway to go to the second floor.

Because I started walking so quickly, although Kurihara-san tried to chase after me, she stayed and bowed towards mom first. Then she bolted and stuck close behind me.

“Don’t say anything unnecessary. Don’t do anything unnecessary. If you don’t follow those things, I’ll never invite you to my house again.”

Without looking behind me while going up the stairs, I spoke without facing her.

“I-it’s okay! Even I know that much! T-then, if I follow those, will you invite me over again?”

Although I heard Kurihara-san answer vigorously, hearing her voice, it seems she can’t help having her mind on coming to my house again.

I’m worried. After all, this child is very difficult to deal with. I’d be saved if she didn’t ask so many questions though.

We entered the room and closed the door. Kurihara-san entered the room behind me. While crossing her fingers in front of her chest, she looked around the room restlessly while blushing.

“Though it’s small, please endure.”

When I said that with a sigh and bit of cynicism, Kurihara-san nodded deeply towards my stiff smile.

“It really is! It’s small!”

And showing a behavior of paying attention to me, she obediently answered.

This child, I wonder if she knows what lip service is? Even if you think it is small, you don’t say it. Isn’t that much common sense?

“H-hey, Katou-kun. D-do you... have ecchi books? B-boys all have them right?”

Kurihara-san quickly drew near me, holding the sleeve of my jacket. My eyes blurred from hearing something like that. An erotic topic right off the bat. Forcibly taking me that direction. It was probably because of her dissatisfied desires.

Even though Solange-san is emotionally weak, she's strangely aggressive here. If I'm not careful they seem to take wild actions, it's dangerous. Though if I don't satisfy her, it doesn't seem like she'll ever go home.

"I have 'em. I'll show you."

Let's do it quickly so she'll go home. Thinking that, I took out several volumes ecchi books that were hidden and handed one to Kurihara-san.

Receiving a book, Kurihara-san probably didn't think that I would actually take them out and her ears turned red as she became flustered. However, she hugged the book firmly.

"I want you to do the things described in the book. This is an order, understood?"

Even if she said she would do anything, it's better to give it as an order. Moreover, making her read an ecchi book and saying that I want her to do what is drawn, it wasn't necessary to be troubled about giving orders.

"G-got it! O-one moment! I'll learn it!"

Nodding deeply, Kurihara-san sat down, opened her eyes wide and began to read the ecchi book with a bright red face.

She read with a very serious expression. Like the day before a test, it was like she was a person desperately trying to learn something by heart. I think no one has seen an expression like that towards that book though.

I had free time until Kurihara-san finished reading the book so I went to my desk and sat down. Taking out the ass peach of the florist Onee-san, I killed time by shoving my finger into the hole.

The ass peach jiggled joyfully from being groped. With my fingers inside, it desperately undulated the insides of its hole. However, its skills still had a way to go.

But still, the florist Onee-chan's ass peach is still the most adorable.

Groping the ass peach, I suddenly recalled something.
Even if you let it out in the ass peach, the liquid disappears. Though I ignored it since I wouldn't understand even after thinking about it, the experimental body is in the room right now.
This is a good opportunity. Let's verify it.

I put florist Onee-san's ass peach away and took out Kurihara-san's ass peach.

I was amazed that the character for one thousand, '千', appeared. Although the frequency I used Kurihara-san's ass peach declined since six of the '百' appeared, the speed at which the '正' appeared increased. So after leaving it alone, ten '百' appeared and it broke through to the '千' mark on its own.

By the way, Solange-san's ass peach mass produces '正' at a terrifying rate. Though it only has four '百' now, at the current pace it will soon overtake Kurihara-san's.

Definitely her mother's daughter.

On that subject, the florist Onee-san's amount of '正' hasn't increased much. No, although it's increasing at a good momentum, it pales to the Kurihara mother daughter pair's rate.

I stuck a pen into the hole of Kurihara-san's ass peach while thinking of that.

"Nn"

Hearing Kurihara-san's voice behind me, she seemed to be surprised, looking away from the ecchi book in her hands. She muttered "Came after a long time" with shining eyes.

It's okay, even if I grope it with her this close, there's no way she'll notice.

Turning towards the desk, I opened the ass peach's hole with the pen to look.

"Ah-"

Though I heard a voice from behind me, I ignored it.

And so an unbelievable scene happened in front of me.

The thing put into the ass peach's hole, I never looked inside the

opened hole. Something like that, I didn't think of that.

There was nothing in the opened hole. However, the red meat just wriggled.

I pushed the pen in. After the pen went past the hole's opening, it vanished.

What the heck is going on?

While leaning my head to the side, I pushed the pen in and out.

"Ah-, ah-, feels good. Though it would be better bigger-"

Though the thing behind me is noisy, I ignored it.

Pushing the pen in, there was definitely watery sound effects. The pen pressed against something hard and there was some resistance. In other words, there was the pen.

Pulling it out, the pen that had definitely disappeared was there, covered with a viscous liquid.

I stuck it into the hole again and enlarged it to look inside.

"Aaah-, spreading it so wiiiide, it's embarrasiiiiing."

So noisy. Saying that it's being spread with a voice full of so much pleasure like that, I understand.

Though I'd prefer it if she were more quiet since she's distracting me, because I'd be troubled if she were quiet and noticed the ass peach leaving her as is is best.

I pulled myself together and looked inside the hole.

"Feels like their staring! Someone is staring at my shameful place!"

Aah, so noisy.

Hmm? Wait a sec. It's embarrassing for you to be seen?

Sticking the pen into the hole, it vanished after passing the entrance to the hole after all. Then after pulling it out, it turned back to normal.

Though I knew it was a shared sense, was I wrong perhaps?

When I put it in the hole, though I'd understand if she'd felt it, saying that she was embarrassed from being seen, I get the feeling it isn't just shared senses.

Perhaps... is the hole connected to Kurihara-san herself? In other words, the reason she can understand is that they are one in the

same thing?

Then Kurihara-san is the main body, while the ass peach is Kurihara-san's ass itself? Though I can't understand what that means, I can't think of anything else.

That reminds me, while groping the ass peach, I've never looked at Kurihara-san's ass hole.

When I finger the ass peach, what happens to Kurihara-san's ass hole?

I put the cap of the pen into the hole to try it out. Naturally, the cap disappeared.

"Ah, what-!? Something entered-!?"

I put the ass peach and the pen into the desk drawer, looking behind me with a sidelong glance to confirm.

Kurihara-san looked away from the book and touched her ass while surprised.

I've never left something in the ass peach. Though I said that, I have left my penis juice inside.

The liquid disappeared, and where did it go? And the pen's cap?

If my hypothesis is correct, the pen's cap disappeared into Kurihara-san's ass hole.

If this hypothesis hits the mark, this has become absurdly amusing.

However, I can't confirm it. If I put the pen's cap into the ass peach then suddenly went to confirm it, even Kurihara-san would think it suspicious.

Besides, it would be even more suspicious that a pen's cap came out from her ass hole.

So I entrusted it to Kurihara-san's actions. She'll say that she remembered something and rush to the bathroom.

"O-one moment, I just remembered something."

Kurihara-san stood up saying that and left the room cheerfully.

It's amusing that she moved as expected. Though remembering you have to do something, don't you have no choice but to go home? I should have said that she could use the bathroom.

Incidentally, since Kurihara-san is at my house for the first time, she doesn't know where the restroom is.

Well, if she checks rooms one by one she'll eventually find the

restroom, but I don't think Kurihara-san would be that impolite.
In other words.

“U-umm... I-I don't have any particular business with the restroom,
but where is it? I-I want to confirm it...”

Opening the door, Kurihara-san who seemed uncomfortable peeked
her face in.

Uh huuuh.

You'll pee on the roadside, but it seems you don't want me to know
you need to use the restroom.

Simple or complex, I don't get this person that well.

When I guided Kurihara-san to the bathroom, she said, “Here huh,
got it!”, and followed me back to the room.

Then she sat on the floor to read the ecchi book. Though now her
knees rubbed against each other restlessly, frequently moving her
ass.

It can't be helped that she was worrying about the foreign object in
her ass.

“Ah, I just remembered something! I'll be back soon!”

After a while, Kurihara-san raised her voice unnaturally, standing up
and energetically left the room.

It seems that no matter what, she doesn't want me to know that she
is going to the restroom.

Why she is so obstinate about it, I can't comprehend.

Before long, holding Kurihara-san's ass peach, I left the room and
went towards restroom.

When I arrived at the restroom, I put my ear against the door.

“What is it? Something’s inside...”

I heard Kurihara-san’s uneasy voice.

“I-it’s no good, it goes farther in when I put my finger in... what to do?”

Though she seemed to struggle taking out the foreign object in her ass, it doesn’t seem easy to take it out.

Even though she only needs to squat and force it out.

“I-I wonder if I should force it? No choice but to try it.”

I heard her embarrassed and shaking voice. I see, although the tapered point of the cap went in easily, it gets caught in the reverse? Didn’t think about that.

When it comes to that, although pushing it out is fine, how should you push it out?

Troubled for a moment, I thought of something good.

If things put in the ass peach go into Kurihara-san’s ass, then other things will work too.

Like a liquid. Right, I can pour a liquid into the ass peach and it will go into Kurihara-san’s ass. The cap should be washed out when I drain the liquid.

Though I decided on putting water in, I refrained.

Come to think of it, I kind of need to pee. Though Kurihara-san is in the restroom, and it’s troublesome to go down to the first floor, and I also don’t want to leave and stop the observation.

Yeah, I’ll pee into the ass peach. When peeing into the ass peach, the liquid will accumulate in Kurihara-san’s belly.

Although I don’t want to soil the ass peach, it will be Kurihara-san’s belly that will be soiled so it’s okay.

Pulling down the zipper of my pants, I took out my penis and stuck it into the ass peach.

“Hii-!?”

A small scream came from the other side of the door, probably surprised at my penis suddenly being inserted.

Though since it was only about half hard, it wasn’t enough and I had

to do it again. So I moved the ass peach up and down, taking it in and out with a sloppy sound.

Aaah, Kurihara-san's ass peach feels the best after all.

"Aaah, nooo, not noooooow. Something's inside, it's getting pushed farther iiiiin."

Whining could be heard from the other side of the door, it was Kurihara-san's cry driven by panic.

Saying that I put my penis in the ass peach, putting my penis into the hole means that I put it into Kurihara-san's ass.

In other words, the cap of the pen that's in the hole is pushed farther inside by my penis.

Though there was no feeling of the cap touching my penis. What does that mean?

"Ah, but it's so amaaaazing, it's been so long since it was put in, though it's scaaaary, it's going inside faaaast, it feels so good, don't stooooop, keep goooooing."

Although the foreign object was pushed farther inside and she was afraid that she may not be able to take it out anymore, on the other hand it felt good and she wanted it to continue so it blotted out the fear. She seems confused.

I was also feeling quite good and didn't stop, not to mention the ass peach that had evolved, and I took my penis in and out of it in a trance.

I wonder if the '千' was just for show?

"Aah-, aaaaaaaaaah."

"Uu"

The hole clamped firmly, the resistance doubling the pleasant sensation, and my lower back quivered on its own. Then the mouth-watering pleasurable feeling was over and I ejected the liquid into the hole.

After a moment, the hole's strength went away. Then, my urge to pee rose.

"Well then, I'll do it without hesitating."

I put power into my waist, though I felt a little guilty, I urinated in the hole.

“Haah, haah, eh-!? What!? Something’s coming in!?”

Breathing heavily, Kurihara-san let out a marvelous cry.

This is quite pleasant. It feels better than going outdoors, since it doesn’t come with the sense of guilt. Though the ass peach is also the same, peeing in the warm hole felt much better than going outside.

This might become a habit.

“I-it’s no good, it’s coming, it’s coming oooout!”

Finished peeing, my waist trembled, and Kurihara-san seems to have desperately hit her limit.

Hearing her sorrowful cry, I then heard the sound of liquid spraying.

Though I wasn’t able to confirm it, I’m certain the pee was transferred to her. In fact, the ass peach wasn’t dirty at all.

This is wonderful. The uses of the ass peach increased quickly.

Chapter Four

Three days have passed since I urinated in the ass peach. Since then, Kurihara-san has been coming to my room every day to desperately read the ecchi book.

I thought that should would surely have finished reading it in two hours. It took almost four hours, but she finished reading it.

And now, she's currently reading the third book.

According to Kurihara-san, she forgot what she read first when she finished reading. So when she reads it again, she forgets what she read up to.

Infinite loops are scary.

But well, since Kurihara-san is quiet when she reads the ecchi book, it's fine. Besides, since she said she would obey any order, I decided to experiment and verify various things.

First, I wanted to confirm that when I put something into the ass peach's hole, it would go into Kurihara-san's ass.

Sitting at my desk so that Kurihara-san wouldn't notice, I unzipped my pants and took out my penis. Then thrust it into the ass peach's hole.

"Nnku-!?"

My penis plunged into the hole. Kurihara-san trembled. I shoved it in all the way to the base.

Then, I put the ass peach with my penis in it into my pants.

Although there's a bit of a bulge, Kurihara-san wouldn't notice.

I turned my chair and looked towards Kurihara-san, and for the time being I crossed my legs to hide my crotch.

"Hey, Kurihara-san. How is it reading the ecchi book? Stimulating?"

Addressing her, Kurihara-san moved her mouth open and closed, trembling slightly. She then came to her senses and wiped her mouth with her sleeve.

It seems that it feels so good she drooled.

“I-it’s stimulating! It feels very ecchi!”

Kurihara-san didn’t try to hide it and replied straightforwardly. She missed sex appeal.

Why would you hide going to the restroom if you answer like that so obediently?

“Speaking of girls, they get wet when they’re excited. I want to see, so take off your underwear and show me your ass. I want to see it clearly.”

“Eh-!?”

Kurihara-san was obviously in turmoil. When I say to show me, Kurihara-san would show me. When I say to take it off, she’d take it off. But now, her eyes swam about.

This irregularity was caused by the thing in her ass after all. She probably doesn’t want me to see it.

“That’s an order. If you don’t show it, do you want to go home? Kurihara-san, not obeying a command is like drawing legs on a snake. Get it? It’s useless. In other words, it’s useless doing that.”

Although my manner of speaking was a bit severe, I don’t want to skirt around the subject.

“G-got it. B-but, right now, umm, since my ass is a bit strange...”

Putting the book she had in her hands on the floor, Kurihara-san stood up and put her range into her skirt. Then she took down her underwear.

“Y-you said to make it easy to see, what should I do?”

Kurihara-san, who took off her underwear, was twiddling her fingers in front of her chest. She looked away as she asked that.

From her bright red ears, it was easy to understand that she was embarrassed.

“The way you often see it, the way in those ecchi books alright? Use your own judgement. Otherwise, what point would there have you been in coming here every day to read those ecchi books? If you still don’t understand, then you shouldn’t come here anymore.”

From my words, Kurihara-san hurriedly faced me with trembling lips and shaking eyes.

She looks like she might break into tears at any moment.

“I-I’m sorry. Since I’m an idiot...”

With tears collected on her blue eyes, Kurihara-san turned her back towards me. Then she opened her legs to shoulder width and bent over.

“M-my ass... is strange. I’m sorry...”

Saying that with her body bent over, she put her hands behind her and hiked up her skirt. Then, she grabbed her ass cheeks with both hands and spread them apart.

With a smooth motion, a girl’s most important area was exposed.

Probably because of her embarrassment, Kurihara-san’s body trembled slightly, and transparent liquid overflowed in large quantities from her important place.

Although she’s embarrassed, she seems pleased.

“See, you can do it when you try. I got a good view.”

Kurihara-san’s trembling stopped at my sudden words.

“A-a good view... t-thank you! Ehehe, I’ll do my best.”

Pleased from being praised like that, Kurihara-san replied in a bright voice.

Really, I can’t understand if this child is simple or complex.

Standing up, I moved closer to Kurihara-san’s ass, putting my face close to her ass.

“U-um—p-please don’t look...”

“Noisy, since it’s distracting be quiet.”

“S-sorry...”

Kurihara-san bend forward more and stuck her ass out. I wonder if she feels exposed with it stuck out like that? Her squirming white skin was dyed pink.

However, she's silent due to my scolding. Instead, she was sweating.

"This is... wonderful."

"Uu..."

While I ogled Kurihara-san's hole, and although she is shy, she suddenly opened her cheeks so that I could easily see her hole.

And before my eyes, the hole was opened gaping wide.

The inside was in full view. Though there was nothing inside.

"Like that, don't move."

"O-okay."

Telling Kurihara-san that, I reached a hand towards her nether region, and put my right hand into my pants. I then grabbed the ass peach with my penis in it, and slowly pulled it out.

"Uu-kuu-"

I pulled my penis out. Kurihara-san's ass shook as she endured it and let out a seductive voice.

"That is surprising..."

"Uu..."

A strange phenomenon happened before my eyes. When I pulled my penis out from the ass peach, the hole closed.

"Ahi-"

Then, when I put it back it, it opened again.

"Na-, nhi-, hauuu-"

Kurihara-san's ass hole opened and closed with sloppy sounds as I put my penis in and out of the ass peach's hole.

To try it out, I put my finger into Kurihara-san's ass hole.

It was perfectly hollow. Though the hole opened in the form of my penis, my penis wasn't there.

“Ihi-”

When I traced the edge of the hole to confirm, definitely felt the sense of touching flesh. There was no penis after all.

What the heck is going on. The pen's cap and pee was transferred, but my penis isn't. No, since the hole is opening, it is transferring. But I can't see or touch it.

Perhaps...

I temporarily went back to my desk, pulled my penis out from the ass peach, and expanded the hole with my finger. I then put a pen cap in the hole.

The cap disappeared. When I hurriedly returned to Kurihara-san's ass, I bent over and stared into her hole.

“It's like that after all.”

“A-au... something cold is inside...”

Opening the ass peach with my finger, Kurihara-san's ass hole spread open. And in the hole was the cap I'd put into the ass peach. I carefully put my finger in and took out the cap.

“U-uu...”

The cap came out covered in viscous liquid. There was no doubt that it was the cap I put into the ass peach.

I see, when I put something entirely into the ass peach's hole, it is transferred to Kurihara-san's ass. But if it sticks out from the ass peach's hole, it doesn't get transferred. No, it does, but you can't touch or see it.

This is amazing. Though it defies common sense, seeing it happen, I have no choice but to believe it.

Even if I can't understand it, it's the unmistakable truth.

If that's the case, I'm even more interested.

I returned to my desk and took a string out from the drawer. I tied the string to the pen's cap and thrust it into the ass peach's hole. Then I went back to Kurihara-san's ass hole.

Opening the ass peach's hole with my finger, Kurihara-san's hole

also opened.

“Nkuu-”

Looking inside Kurihara-san’s open hole, there was nothing inside.

Checking the ass peach, there was definitely the cap.

As expected, since I tied the string to it, it isn’t completely inside the ass peach’s hole. Like this only the shape is transferred to inside Kurihara-san’s ass, and although she can feel it, I can’t see or touch it.

“Afu-”

Going back to the desk, I pulled the string and cap out of the ass peach. It should definitely be in the desk.

Rummaging through the desk, I took out a ping pong ball. Also taking out a compass, I made a hole in the ping pong ball. Stringing through the hole, I fixed it so that it wouldn’t untie. Then I added the viscous liquid from the ass peach, lubricating it.

Gently pushing the ping pong ball against the ass peach’s hole, it slowly went in.

“Ha... aa... s-something big... is coming iiiiin.”

While unreasonably spreading the hole, the ping pong ball sank in little by little. Then, as soon as the hole swallowed the ball halfway, it gulped the rest down.

The ass peach’s hole closed with only the string sticking out.

As you’d expect, it was a hole that exceeded the ‘千’ mark. It really gulped down that ping pong ball.

“Aah, something went iiiiin, something went in my aaaass!”

I seemed painful, but after listening to Kurihara-san’s inviting groan after returning to her ass, I thrust a finger into Kurihara-san’s closed ass hole.

“Na-”

Kurihara-san trembled timidly. There was a hollow cavity inside.

As I expected. The cavity was in the shape of the ping pong ball. Although if I put the ping pong ball in it would transfer, but with the

string attached, I can't see nor touch it.

Amazing, the ass peach is amazing. This is an amazing feature.

I forced the string into the ass peach to test it out. I then thrust my finger into Kurihara-san's ass hole.

"Aah, afuu-"

Feeling the string with my finger, I hit a solid object with the tip of my finger. The ping pong ball that I couldn't touch a moment ago was definitely in Kurihara-san's ass.

When I took the string out from the ass peach, at that instant the ping pong ball disappeared from Kurihara-san's ass. But the cavity in the shape of the ball was still there.

What an amazing feature. An impossible thing happened right in front of my eyes.

The spirit of inquiry and curiosity welled up.

"Nhii-"

After pulling the string and ping pong ball out, I thrust three fingers into the ass peach's hole.

"Naa-, ahi-, naaaa-"

I crammed five fingers into the ass peach. Although this would normally be quite unreasonable, since it's Kurihara-san's ass peach that exceeded '千' it should work.

"Oooh-, naaaaaa-, you'll break iiit, my ass will breaaaak, ogooooo-"

Kurihara-san let at an abnormal voice and trembled. Even though I've thoroughly groped it till now, this is the first time I've put my entire hand in. As you'd expect it was painful, and she howled like a wild beast.

Kurihara-san persevered, and I entered a little more.

The ass peach's hole was opened abnormally wide, swallowing everything down to the base of my thumb, and from there suddenly swallowed my entire hand.

“Ogoo-!?”

It went in, my whole hand went in. Wonderful. For the first time, I thought Kurihara-san was wonderful. Though in this case it was the ass peach that was wonderful, though that doesn't mean that Kurihara-san wasn't amazing with the imitated sensations.

Because my hand went in, Kurihara-san's ass hole was opened as wide as my arm. The contents were completely exposed to see. The inside was unexpectedly grotesque.

While admiring it, I unzipped my pants and took my penis out. Then thrust it into Kurihara-san's ass.

Then, I felt the foreign hand in the ass peach.

Just as I thought. The hollow was in the shape of my hand, but nothing touched my penis. However, to the hand that was in the ass peach's hole, I could certainly feel my penis.

In other words.

“Naa-!? Ogo-!?”

“Wow, this feels good-”

When I grasped my penis with the hand in the ass peach, Kurihara-san's asshole changed into the shape of my penis.

Normally speaking it wouldn't feel good if I didn't move my hips, but when I stroked my penis with the hand in the ass peach, it was like Kurihara-san's ass was stroking my penis. In other words, just by standing there I was getting off.

Although I was stroking myself, I fell into the illusion that it was Kurihara-san's asshole that was stroking my penis, and it felt very good.

“Ao-!? Ao-!?”

Kurihara-san trembled and let out a cry like a seal. Though whether it was painful or pleasurable I couldn't tell, but at least it felt very good for me.

In the end, I let it out three times inside of Kurihara-san's ass. And Kurihara-san fainted standing up.

As expected, this would push Kurihara-san away. Although I don't

think I'd say want her to come to my house again, at least there's no problem even if she isn't here because of the ass peach.

Though I thought that, Kurihara-san came to my house the next day as normal.

I don't understand whether this person is bold or fragile.

During class, I worked hard with both hands in my desk, and Kurihara-san stared into space with unfocused eyes. Like she didn't hear the class at all.

In the desk was Kurihara-san's ass peach and a lot of ping pong balls. I pushed the ping pong balls into the ass peach one by one. After putting my hand into the ass peach's hole, it's reached the point where ping pong balls go in easily.

"Aguu-"

When I pushed the balls in deeply, Kurihara-san trembled and raised a muffled voice. Though the whole class focused on Kurihara-san, I continued working with an innocent look.

How many had I put in? I lost count. Well, it's fine. I kept putting them in.

Ping pong balls suddenly appeared in her ass. To Kurihara-san, this was nothing more than a bizarre phenomenon.

Even if she gets afraid and goes to a hospital, it's impossible to find the cause. Besides, nobody would think that it transferred from the ass peach. In the first place, I'm the only person to know of the ass peach's existence.

It was to the point that Kurihara-san was more surprised than afraid. After her ass being thoroughly fingered, it seems she became accustomed to the phenomenon. She seemed to depend on the existence of someone that gave her the pleasure.

If anything, she seemed to be more afraid of the phenomenon ending.

By the time for break, the ping pong balls in the desk had been reduced by half.

It's amazing, the ass peach is amazing. No matter what I put in, the ass peach itself doesn't change. Since everything put in is transferred to Kurihara-san's belly.

I stood up from my seat, put the ass peach and a left over ping pong ball into my pocket, and left the classroom. Then I went behind the school building.

Restrooms are crowded during break. Even the restrooms for the special classrooms, other than after school, there were people there.

The point was, although people go behind the school building during lunch and after school, they don't come during the day. In other words, this place was deserted.

After a while, Kurihara-san unsteadily walked over.

Her cheeks were blushed, breathing roughly, staring at empty space with vacant eyes. And she was holding her stomach with her right hand.

Kurihara-san walked in front of me and began taking off her clothes on her own.

It was an act described in the ecchi book he lent Kurihara-san. Ping pong balls stuffed into her ass, then something like giving birth to them.

Kurihara-san finally memorized the contents of the book and was able to do it without being told anything.

Folding the clothes she took off, Kurihara-san put them on the ground. She also took off her underwear and put them on the folded clothes.

Other than her white socks, she wasn't wearing anything. No, there were clips on her nipples. That was described in the ecchi book.

As for attaching clips to her nipples, I didn't order that. Kurihara-san did that on her own. Though it looks painful, it seems to feel good.

Standing at attention nude in front of me, Kurihara-san turned her back to me. Then she squat where she was with both hands on the ground and slowly raised her ass.

Her raising her ass made her look like a frog.

I squatted down in place, looking into Kurihara-san's ass hole. Even though I'm very accustomed to it, it was a beautiful pink hole.

"Nuu-, nuuuuu-, fuuuuuu-"

Kurihara-san braced her legs and her whole body stiffened. Simultaneously, her ass hole twitches and started to move.

"Ooh, amazing, amazing."

And with a pop, her ass hole opened. Something white began to show its face. Of course, it was a ping pong ball that I'd put into the ass peach during class.

The hole opened unreasonably wide and slowly, the ping pong ball gradually appeared, then dropped.

The ping pong ball fell to the ground with sticky strings attached, coming from the colon. The scene was like watching a turtle lay eggs on television.

"Haa-, haa-nuuu-, fuuuu-"

Sweat gushed from her whole body, Kurihara-san's skin dyed in pink, and without resting soon began laying eggs.

Break would end soon if she didn't hurry up.

A ping pong ball appeared in the open hole, and dropped more smoothly than the first ball.

The ping pong ball dropped to the ground with sticky strings and Kurihara-san was breathing heavily. She immediately began to lay the next one and her ass quivered.

"Aga-!? Higi-!?"

She made a pained groan that was full of pleasure.

I'm the cause. I pushed the ping pong ball I brought from my desk in to the ass peach. In other words, while Kurihara-san was dropping ping pong balls from her ass, a new ping pong ball appeared.

Even if she endured it, it wouldn't end. Infinite loops are scary ya know.

Since she wasn't frustrated anymore, Kurihara-san's behavior calmed down.

She suddenly moaned in the middle of class, began to tremble, sweated abnormally, peed, Kurihara-san was surprisingly serious.

However, she still wandered about near me like before and running after me.

Though thanks to that, Kurihara-san's reputation plummeted, so I wasn't watched anymore.

Kurihara-san's reputation dropped sharply, so although I felt slightly sorry, experimenting is fun so it can't be helped.

In addition, it may be a good thing since the person herself is pleased.

According to Kurihara-san, those that were only her friends on the surface and clung to her till now left, and some true friends who were worried stayed.

I true friend will help you when you're in trouble, I told her.

But since she's not actually in trouble, I felt a bit of guilt.

Though I want to make up with Tamotsu-kun, it's pretty hard. I wonder if there isn't a good way...

After school, I prepared to leave the classroom and head home. Walking home from school, Kurihara-san joined up before I knew it. This became the usual scene.

Though I thought her a disappointing child in various ways, I thought she might be able to do things if she put her mind to them.

When I arrived home and went through the front door, there were

unfamiliar shoes. A woman's.

"Huh? Those are Mother's shoes."

Following me into the entrance way, Kurihara-san stood next to me and muttered.

Solange-san's shoes? Solange-san came to my house?

That reminds me, I've neglected Solange-san's ass peach recently. I always carry florist Onee-san's and Kurihara-san's ass peach. When I use Kurihara-san's ass peach, florist Onee-chan's ass peach is nearby.

Florist Onee-chan's ass peach is spoiled by me trembles when it's lonely, it's the cutest after all.

Apart from that, Solange-san's ass peach is loose and not that comfortable. Though I left it alone, it broke through the '千' mark on its own, and it growing increasingly loose.

Though it's bad to say, it's to the point that it's over-sized.

Kurihara-san's ass peach that had exceeded the same '千' mark on the other hand, its flexibility and closing power felt good.

Heading to the living room, Mom and Solange-san were talking with smiling faces.

Since Kurihara-san was a frequent visitor to my house, she seems to have come to give thanks for the previously given gift.

Solange-san is young and beautiful with big boobs. With Mom sitting across from her, the difference was obvious.

Mom, who never puts on make-up at home, was right on the mark today. But excessiveness is a taboo. Since she can't win no matter what she does.

Fished with light greetings, I went to the second floor with Kurihara-san to study.

As usual, today I'll happily carry out experiments with Kurihara-san and the ass peach.

“You should occasionally come by our house to play you know?”

However, Solange-san sat down next to Kurihara-san.

Soon after we got to the second floor, Solange-san came into my room for some reason.

“You know, I don’t have any friend. So when Kozue is out, I’m home alone.”

Smiling sadly, Solange-san said such a thing. Sitting next to her, Kurihara-san pouted her lips and sulked.

No friends huh. Even though she said something so similar to a certain somebody, it seems that since that certain somebody made a friend recently, she lost huh.

“Kozue clings to Akiharu-kun, and I’ve also often troubled you in your house, so, how about it? Think you could study at my house? Go to each others’ houses alternatingly?”

Solange said such a thing with bright blue eyes and both hands in front of her chest. Though she’s a big breasted beauty, she’s a lonely adult huh.

“Is the father late in coming home?”

So she wouldn’t notice, I sat on the chair before stuffing a ping pong ball into Kurihara-san’s ass peach and asked Solange-san a question.

Pushing ping pong balls in one after another, Kurihara-san blushed and began breathing roughly. Feeling good, she seems to have forgotten that she was sulking.

“He goes on many business trips, let alone coming back once a week, he can be gone for a month.”

Putting her hand to her cheek, Solange sigh with a ‘Fuu’.

So that’s why her ass peach broke through the ‘千’ mark own it’s own huh.

“Got it. Then excuse me for intruding in the future.”

“Future? Can’t you come by tomorrow? Since I’ll make some delicious sweets, how about it?”

It probably can't be helped since she's lonely, but Solange-san harassed me for an answer. Clinging on to her daughter's acquaintances huh, guess she really doesn't have friends...

Still, don't you have pride as an adult?

"My mother also unexpectedly has free time. How about making friends with her?"

"U... T-that's..."

Solange-san looked down, putting down the hands in front of her chest, she nervously twined her fingers together. Then gave me an upward glance.

"I-if it's an older person, it's strenuous... From my view, if it's Akiharu-kun, you seem admirable and easy-going..."

"Honest?"

"Yeah."

The same as a certain somebody, Solange-san answered very obediently. Though I understood it thanks to that, I think it's better not to say it.

Well, whatever. Calling me honest here, I can go and visit without hesitating.

"Got it. Then I'll head over to Kurihara-san's house tomorrow."

When I answered with that, Solange-san had on a smile that covered her whole face. With a start, she left the room saying that she would go cook some delicious sweets and cuisine.

"Kurihara-san's mom, though she's a beauty, she's a pitiable person huh?"

While asking Kurihara-san, I pushed more ping pong balls into the ass peach.

"Au-"

Wondering if she didn't hear me, I saw Kurihara-san tremble while breathing heavily and staring into nothingness, drooling slovenly.

Yep, both of them are bad.

Chapter Five

According to the promise with Solange-san, I decided to alternately shift between studying at my house and Kurihara-san's house.

Going to Kurihara-san's house after school on the first day, Solange-san was waiting at the front gate. With an anxious expression, she was fidgeting back and forth in front of the gate.

I hid behind a telephone pole and secretly watched her.

After about an hour had passed, Solange-san was still in front of the gate. She quickly hid behind the gate when a person passed though. Stranger anxiety through and through huh. Though she was able to come for greetings at my house...

Two hours passed and it became dark. But Solange-san was still waiting in front of the gate.

"Kurihara-san."

I called out to Kurihara-san who was hiding behind the telephone pole with me.

"Hmm?"

Kurihara-san, who was closely snuggled up to me, inclined her head and looked at me.

"Want to go to my house? Since this looks somewhat bothersome."

Asking that, Kurihara-san smiled.

"Kay!"

She nodded lively.

Three weeks passed since then.

I've been very bothered recently. Because it felt dangerous in various ways to go to Kurihara-san's house, I decided to continue going to my house. It's come to the point that Solange-san appeared near my house frequently.

It appears that she's been waiting for us to come home. Then when she sees us, she chases.

For that reason, I can't head straight home after school.

Though Kurihara-san's dad seems to be a busy person, I feel the reason he doesn't come home isn't just because of work.

In the end, Kurihara-san and I don't meekly come home after school. Since Solange-san would ambush us.

Though it's not only a bad thing. While it may be true the beauty has big boobs, without being tempted by her appearance, I could study this thing called repentance. In this sense, I thank Solange-san.

It became our daily routine to kill time in the library after school.

Since I was avoiding Solange-san, though I thought a feud would form between Kurihara-san and Solange-san, it doesn't seem to be like that.

For Solange-san who doesn't seem to have pride as an adult, she seems to only have pride as a mother. Therefore, I wouldn't pester Kurihara-san about it.

Even so, though I wanted to avoid talking about it, because of Kurihara-san, it was talked about even if I didn't ask her.

I wonder if she's a person of poor caliber. Yet her hole is loose. [TN: Person of poor caliber is 'small vessel person'. Punny.]

Pretending to study in the library, I loaded Kurihara-san's ass peach with my penis. By the way, it was only me that was pretending to study. Though Kurihara-san was seriously studying, her grades didn't improve.

For the sake of doing it during the study meeting in the library, I kept it in mind to not use the restroom as much as possible this morning. The reason is that I wanted to pee in the ass peach.

Kurihara-san and I sat down at the long table in the library to study. We spread out textbooks and notes out on the table. Then, while Kurihara-san started studying with a serious look on her face, her face grew red as a lot of sweat appeared on her face. Her lips trembled.

The cause? I urinated in the ass peach.

Since she was enduring it, I kept peeing large amounts, like a watering can. It feels very good, and moreover since the inside of the ass peach was convulsing nervously, it was an indescribable pleasure.

It's entirely become a habit.

Then, when I loaded the ass peach with my penis, Kurihara-san's ass hole would be left open. When I pee like that, it obviously just comes right out. Since her ass hole wouldn't be closed.

Though if that happened Kurihara-san would leak, it's alright. Since Kurihara-san wears a diaper.

It's so extremely embarrassing when I peed in the ass peach that Kurihara-san's face turned red and she cried.

Even though it should have been very amusing to see Kurihara-san like that, for some reason I felt a pain in my chest. I might have some kind of chest illness.

By avoiding Solange-san's interference, my peaceful days returned. On one such day, I heard from Kurihara-san that Solange-san said she would be away from the house for a bit. So she would have to look after the house after school.

"Does Katou-kun want to come to my house?"

During break time, after Kurihara-san 'laid eggs' behind the school building like always, she asked me while cleaning up the scatters balls.

"I'll go, but if there's any obstacles I won't."

While watching the nude Kurihara-san cleaning up, I responded.

Kurihara-san's entire body blushed red, shaking her head while bowing deeply.

Do you want me to come or don't you want me to come, which is it?

“When will Solange-san be coming back?”

I asked Kurihara-san who was acting suspiciously.

Kurihara-san’s mouth opened and closed, yet no sound came out. With Kurihara-san flustered, I took off one of the clips that was pinching her pink nipple with my left hand, rubbing it. Simultaneously, I moved my right hand behind her, putting my fingers into her ass.

“Afu-”

Kurihara-san looked towards the sky and drooled while I played with her nipple. While I stirred around inside her ass, she let out a nice moan.

After I watched the scene for a bit, Kurihara-san trembled greatly. With a jerk, she collapsed with all fours on the ground.

“Haah, haah... M-mother will come back... tomorrow...”

Breathing heavily, Kurihara-san answered so while staring at me. Eh? Why’s she acting like this? What’s the meaning behind it?

“M-my head went blank from c-cumming, my stress went away.”

Did she read my thoughts? Kurihara-san explained something she didn’t hear.

Cumming isn’t when you go somewhere, but when pleasure reaches its peak. It was written in the ecchi book. Though while Kurihara-san was spasming, white liquid came out from the tip of my penis.

It’s definitely like Kurihara-san said, cumming releases a lot of tension. Using that seems to be a cure for Kurihara-san’s stress.

What are you thinking about? I thought that Kurihara-san was, again, difficult to understand in various ways.

“That soo... so she’ll be back tomorrow huh?”

Looking upwards, I muttered to the sky.

Ah, that cloud looks like cotton candy. It looks good... I’m hungry.

“Well, guess we’ll stay at Kurihara-san’s house today. Only if Kurihara-san is fine with it though.”

Asking while Kurihara-san looked up at me, for some reason my

heart thumped.

Kurihara-san's eyes opened wide, and for a moment stared at me without moving. Her blue eyes teared up and a smile covered her whole face.

"Yeah!"

Towards Kurihara-san who nodded deeply, I felt relieved.

I wonder why, but it was somewhat strange. My heart throbbed, it was painful. But for some reason a good feeling spread through me. Though, it hurt.

What's happening to me? I should go to a hospital.

The room was dark. I can't speak due to the cloth wrapped over my mouth. Even if the cloth were unfastened, I couldn't use my hands since they're bound behind me. Even if I tried to move, my legs were tied so I couldn't stand up.

Only Kurihara-san could overcome my current situation. She skillfully escaped though.

Laying on the sofa in Kurihara-san's living room, I prayed for Kurihara-san's safety while watching Solange-san's back.

Because Solange-san said she would be absent I came to stay at Kurihara-san's house, but it was a trap.

By avoiding Solange-san, she seemed to have been considerably wounded. So she lied about being away from the house in order to lure us. Then she violently captured me. So, I've successfully fallen into her trap.

When I walked in from the entrance, Solange-san who'd hid behind the door embraced me.

By immediately knocking Kurihara-san away, she somehow avoided being captured.

I'd scowled at Kurihara-san who drew close to me to try and save me.

If we both got caught, we'd lose the chance to get away. So Kurihara-san hid somewhere, laying in wait for Solange-san to show a chance. Will she leave the house to ask someone for help?

I tried to convey my thoughts through my eyes, did my thoughts get through to her? Kurihara-san's expression tightened as she nodded, running away.

"Even though I made a lot of delicious sweets! Even though I did my best to cook! Why did Katou-kun and Kozue avoid me!?"

Solange-san's face distorted and looked like she was on the verge of tears, munching on cookies and muttering, "Even though they're so good..."

The table was lined with dishes of delicious food. The living room was decorated with chains of origami, as well as a sign with "Welcome, Katou-kun" written on it in colored pencil.

Apparently, she was looking forward to me coming here.

What can I say? They're immensely extreme. Her feelings are way too extreme. Saying she doesn't have many people she's on good terms with... isn't this why she can't make friends?

Though I thought that Kurihara-san resembled Solange-san in both appearance and personality, Kurihara-san isn't as extreme in this.

With this, just a bit, I feel that I've understood the reason Kurihara-san's father doesn't come home.

How long has it been since I was thrown onto the sofa? Since the room is dark, I can't tell that well.

Solange-san is in the living room as usual, and although she was staying near the door, she didn't leave the room.

Kurihara-san won't be able to rescue me like this. Though she should be able to slip out of the house. Though she should be able to call for help.

"Let's eat together. Solange-san told Katou-kun she was good at cooking. Kozue even called mother her pride. Fufu, proud of her mother, ufufu."

Solange-san was muttering to herself. I felt sick.

—Katou-kun.

Feeling like I heard my name being called, I moved just my eyes. But

I only saw Solange-san. Was it my imagination?

–Katou-kun, behind you.

I didn't imagine it. I definitely heard a tiny whisper.

Just after that, I felt something touch the back of my head. The cloth covering my mouth loosened.

It was Kurihara-san. Kurihara-san was behind the sofa. Though I thought she'd ran away, she was in the living room.

I thought that she'd left the house to call for help, but it was the opposite. I felt relieved.

–I'll untie the ropes binding your hands and feet.

Towards the whisper that I couldn't hear if I didn't concentrate, I nodded.

Though even if my body became freed, if we didn't manage to do something about Solange-san it won't be possible to get away. If I'm found and caught, I'll be bound more tightly next time. Moreover, if Kurihara-san is found, the Katou-kun Welcome Party will probably start.

Then there will be dishes that took her who knows many how many hours to make and a never ending barrage of questions.

That would be very bothersome. So I need to prevent that by any means necessary.

So in order to do that, we have no choice but to incapacitate Solange-san.

The rope on my wrists that tied my hands behind my back loosened, then the rope that bound my ankles together loosened after that. With that I'm free. But if I move she'll notice immediately.

My last hope is the ass peach. Using Solange-san's ass peach, I can definitely make her become unconscious.

I'm lucky. Although I've recently been leaving Solange-san's ass peach alone, I brought all three since I was going to stay at Kurihara-san's house today. However, I don't have it right now.

Only Kurihara-san's ass peach is in my pocket. The other two are in my bag. When I was caught by Solange-san, my bag was confiscated.

So I need to get the back while avoiding Solange-san finding out. But

how do I avoid her realizing?

I laughed inwardly. I recently started a new experiment. It will help me.

I quietly moved my right hand, putting it into my pocket. Then I took out the ass peach.

I took a plastic bag out from Kurihara-san's ass peach. This was a new technique, carrying things using the ass peach as a bag.

The plan was simple. I would pack the plastic bag into the ass peach, leaving some out of the hole.

That way, the result in Kurihara-san's belly would look like the shape of a bag taking shape. Putting things into the bag like that, I could put things in without them getting wet with the viscous liquid.

By the way, the things stored inside Kurihara-san right now are: several ping pong balls, a recorder, castanets, and a pen and eraser. Since the end of the bag stuck out from the ass peach, only the cavity formed in Kurihara-san's belly so she couldn't eject the items by will.

In short, although she felt the foreign substances, Kurihara-san wouldn't be able to know what entered her.

Although the largest thing that could be stored currently is the size of a fish, by steadily expanding the hole, I'll eventually be able to store bigger things. Then, by substituting a bag for the inside of Kurihara-san's belly, I could possibly go to school empty-handed.

So I took the necessary ass peach at the necessary time. Yep, it's very convenient.

Placing five fingers against the ass peach's hole, I pushed them in. I sensed Kurihara-san writhing in pain behind me, stifling her voice.

Pushing my hand in, it plunged into the hole. Behind me, I felt Kurihara-san tremble with a start.

Phew, it's pleasant putting my hand into the hole. It's warm and being wrapped by tight and tender feeling really eased my mind. But it isn't the time to feel relieved.

Moving my hand around inside the hole, I searched for a ping pong ball. Though I found it without much trouble, the recorder got in the way and I couldn't get it out.

Letting go of the ping pong ball, I grabbed the recorder. Then I pulled it a little with my hand.

“Naa-”

Pulling my hand out from deep in the hole, the recorder followed behind. Though Kurihara-san was writhing fearfully behind me, Solange-san didn't seem to notice.

Still, no matter how many times I see this mystery, it's mysterious. Something several times longer than the ass peach coming out of the ass peach completely ignored the laws of physics.

Taking out the recorder, I heard rough breathing from behind me. As you'd expect, Kurihara-san was enduring to not let out her voice.

Then, I fought against the urge to blow into the recorder I'd taken out.

Solange-san would find out if I played the recorder right now. But even if I knew it was no good, I wanted to blow into it.

Even though I found it troublesome to play music when it was time to do so. Strange.

Somehow baring the impulse of wanting to play it, I put the recorder on the sofa. Then I hurriedly thrust my hand into the ass peach once again.

Now that the recorder wasn't in the way, I was able to easily take out the ping pong balls this time.

I heard rough breathing like panting from behind me. Each time I took a ping pong ball out, I felt her tremble.

Of the three ping pong balls I took out, I grasped one, and checked Solange-san.

She was still hanging around the entrance to the living room. She probably thinks that Kurihara-san is going to come save me. Kurihara-san is behind the sofa, though.

Quietly getting up from the sofa, I faced the opposite wall where the entrance and Solange-san were and threw the ball.

The ping pong ball threw in an arc without making a sound. Plopping down on the sofa before it hit the wall, I pretended to be tied up.

The sound rang out and Solange-san quaked with a start. Subsequently, Solange-san turned towards the sound that was

repeating intermittently.

“K-Kozue!?”

But with the exception of the white ping pong ball rolling on the floor, there was nothing there.

“K-Kozue! Come out! I know you’re there! Mother knows that you didn’t leave Akiharu-kun here and escape!”

Solange-san looked around frantically as her face paled. There was nothing near the wall that the ping pong ball hit. In other words, there was no where to hide. Though since she heard a sound, she probably found it scary.

The moment Solange-san’s field of view left the sofa, I threw another ping pong ball against the wall. Then I returned to being ‘tied up’.

“Hii-!?”

The sound resounded and Solange-san hopped with a start.

“K-Kozue! I-iii-it’s pointless startling mother! Mother isn’t afraid of apparitions or ghosts at all—”

While trembling, a chance appeared as Solange-san raised her voice and her face drained of blood. I threw the third ping pong ball towards the living room’s door. Then immediately returned to being ‘tied up’.

“Ahiii-!”

With the sound going off right behind Solange-san, she jumped and collapsed in place. She then shivered with teary eyes.

An amazing coward huh. So with Kurihara-san coming to my house so often this is what happens.

“K-Kozue! E-even though I pampered you so much before, don’t treat mother so coldly now that you’re friends with Akiharu-kun! E-even mother thinks that’s too cruel!”

Doubtfully saying that while looking around, Solange-san began to

crawl on all fours like an insect. She was coming toward the sofa I was laying on.

Crap, I meant to lure her out of the living room, but since Solange-san was so easily scared my plan went wrong.

This is a problem. If she got close, she'd know that the ropes are undone. Even so I can't tie myself up again.

While my thoughts caused me to break out in a cold sweat, Solange-san continued crawling until she was next to the sofa and forcefully embraced me without stopping. My face was suddenly buried in her huge breasts.

Amazing, they're so big, absolutely larger than Kurihara-san's.

"I-I have him! Mother has Akiharu-kun~! Come out if you don't like that! Kozue! I know you're there!"

Solange-san raised her voice while holding me tightly. Since her boobs were forced against my face, I couldn't breathe. Although it was very painful, I felt it was a blessing.

Even so, probably carried away by fear, Solange-san didn't seem to notice that the ropes that tied me were missing.

This is my chance. Solange-san was shaking too much and lost control of herself. I can use this chance to get my bag back and use Solange-san's ass peach, though there's one thing.

The essential thing. I can't move. Since Kurihara-san doesn't know of the existence of the ass peach, she wouldn't get the idea of getting my bag back.

I can't get it anymore. Is this it? When Solange-san calms down, she'll notice that the ropes that were binding me came off. Then she'll find Kurihara-san who's hiding behind the sofa, and the Akiharu-kun Welcome Party will begin.

Do I have no choice but to participate in the Akiharu-kun Welcome Party?

Just as I was about to give up, something moved.

"Hii-!?"

She screamed. Something that sounded like footsteps rang out.

“K-Kozue! I was you after all! It really wasn’t a ghost!”

The strength on the embraced loosened and her boobs went away from my face. I felt a bit of disappointment.

Swiftly looking towards the sound, I saw Kurihara-san opening the living room door and running off.

“K-Kozue! Wait!”

Separating from me, Solange-san started running after Kurihara-san out of the living room.

Yay, amazing, Kurihara-san made herself into the scapegoat to lure Solange-san away. I think this is the first time another kid grew up and became useful.

I jumped up from the sofa and ran to the bag that was placed at the corner of the room, picking it up. At that instant, strength overflowed from inside my body.

With the ass peach so near, I was reassured.

The ass peach was returned to me. Solange-san, it’s unfortunate, but it’s my victory. No, it’s mine and Kurihara-san’s victory.

Following the cute footsteps were hurried footsteps.

Kurihara-san attracted Solange-san’s attention. But one was an adult while the other a child, and even though by all rights it shouldn’t have been a match, it became a chase since neither of the two were good at sports.

But it probably wouldn’t last long.

Before Kurihara-san is caught, I need to do something.

Holding the bag with the ass peach in it, I immediately looked for the kitchen. I’d already thought of a plan. It was a sure win strategy.

A loud sound came from the second floor. Uh oh, did Kurihara-san fall down?

“Oooooow! Kozueee, mother fell doooooown.”

I breathed a sigh of relief at the voice. Looks like Solange-san fell

down. The footsteps continued as before—

“Hyaa-!?”

Then I heard a small cry happen as I thought that. Somehow or another, it seems like Kurihara-san fell down too.

I can't delay any longer.

I found the kitchen without needing to look for it. That was much natural since it was connected to the living room.

Bolting for it, I took Solange-san's ass peach out from the bag and stood in front of the sink. Then I stuck the faucet into the ass peach's hole, turning the handle.

Water came out vigorously, yet not one drop spilled. The reason? It was all funneled into the ass peach.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh-”

I wiped the sweat from my brow at the echoing scream, leaving Solange-san's ass peach where it was and walked.

When I got to the second floor, a miserable scene was exposed to me.

“Hhhhhhh, ihhhhhhh-”

Solange-san, who'd fallen in the hallway, had water spouting from her ass while screaming. It was a physically impossible amount of water no matter how you looked at it. That was expected, since Solange-san's ass peach was sticking to the faucet going at full throttle.

“Noooooooo, it's scaaaaaaary, saaaave meeeee-”

Trembling in fear at the strange phenomenon happening to her body, Solange-san was on all fours with water gushing from her ass as she asked for help while crying.

But judging by her blushing cheeks, it seemed to feel good. As expected, it is the main body of the ass peach that broke through the '千' mark on its own.

“A-Akiharu-kun, help-, there’s an evil spirit in this old lady’s
aaaaaaaassssss-”

When Solange-san noticed me walking, she clung to me with water
spouting from her ass.

I quickly dodged Solange-san and looked down.

“Pupu.”

Solange-san cried as water gushed from her ass. Towards her goofy
figure, I unconsciously laughed.

Solange-san noticed me laughing and her faced turned red as if it
were burning, covering her ass hole with her hand. But with the hole
covered, water collected in her belly. Maybe because it was painful,
Solange-san had on an expression of agony and moved the hand
that was covering her ass hole.

“Ahiiii, noooooooooo-”

Since the water filled her belly, it gushed out even more vigorously.
Solange-san’s eyes opened wide as she spasmed.

Let’s have her reflect of capturing me and tying me up. I’ll leave her
like this for a while.

Though the second floor became flooded, well, they’re rich so it’ll
probably be alright.

I walked down the second floor’s hallway, looking for Kurihara-san.
Kurihara-san was simple, so she probably chose a place to hide in a
place she was calm in. If that’s the case, she probably chose her
room. So I went there in a hurry. Since she simply chose to hide in
her own room, she probably thought her getting caught would be a
matter of time.

Entering Kurihara-san’s room, I looked around. But I didn’t see
Kurihara-san.

She’s probably here. I’m sure she is hiding in the closet or under her
bed.

Though she’d come out if I called for her, there was an easier
method to find her.

I took out Kurihara-san's ass peach from my bag and pushed a finger into the hole, stirring it around.

"Naaa-!?"

I heard a sweet scream from the closet. She was there after all huh?

When I walked to the closet and opened the door, Kurihara-san was sitting with her arms around her knees. She was panting while drooling.

"Kurihara-san, found you."

When I called out to her, Kurihara-san's cheeks blushed and her breathing grew heavier, smiling.

"Yeah, you found me."

Answering me, Kurihara-san stood up and leapt toward me.

Chapter Six

Headaches are painful. It's clearly abuse. Normally, when my head would hurts, or when I have a headache, I'd think I should lay down. However, I understand the nuance. Headaches are painful. By emphasizing this twice, together with saying my head hurts a lot and deliberately misusing it, it brings the effect of despising the other party.

And here I am, with my head hurting.

"Is it here...?"

Even when I tried to open the window with the key, the key didn't move. It was probably sealed with something like instant adhesive.

Changing locations, I put the key in another window.

"This one's no good either..."

Walking around the whole house, even though I tried all of the windows with the key, none of them budged.

Of course, the first thing I tried was opening the front door. So I accordingly noticed that the key didn't open it. But at the time, I didn't think that the entire house's windows were also bound with adhesive.

"Using adhesive since you don't want me to leave the house, that way of thinking is childish. Moreover, she actually did it. I wonder how much it'll cost to fix it?"

If it were just the first floor I could understand. But why the second floor too?

Even if I could open a window on the second floor, it was impossible to descend to the ground. At best I could raise my voice to call for help.

Despite that, all of the house's windows as well as the doors were completely sealed with adhesive. Even if it was ordinary to think about it, don't actually do it!

Since the repair costs would be stupidly high. You should've done something that wouldn't become a problem later.

Is it the thinking of a child, or just a characteristic unique to the rich?

"S-sorry. Though my mother isn't a bad person, she's does strange things when she's troubled about something."

"Yeah, huh. Kurihara-san was like that before too you know? Though you're unexpectedly able to behave calmly now."

"R-really?"

"I think so."

Due to my response, Kurihara-san's cheeks blushed as she looked down, embarrassed while fidgeting.

When I told her not to talk to me at school. Though she didn't talk to me, she wandered nearby and began to chase after me, taking actions that made my order have no point.

When she sacrificed herself to lead Solange-san away, she seemed to shine brilliantly.

Though probably, I don't have room in my mind. Kurihara-san is an old episode, while Solange-san is currently ongoing.

"Can we leave if we break the window?"

With Kurihara-san knocking on the glass window, she said that while she glanced at me.

"Yeah, you noticed too then. We can definitely leave if the window is broken. But we can't fix it after."

"Yeah yeah, that's right, that's right, it's just as Katou-kun said!"

While Kurihara-san nodded eagerly towards my words, she stood next to me and grabbed my left hand.

Since we're in her house, I don't think I would've worried even if she didn't grab my hand though.

Well, it's fine I guess.

Walking down the hallway, we passed by Solange-san who fainted

from water gushing from her ass, then went down the stairs. We headed to the front door. Because I was surprised about not being able to open the door earlier, there was something I.

“It was like this after all huh. Compared to a child’s idea, there aren’t any oversights...”

I confirmed there to be a telephone in the hallway. As I feared, when I put the receiver to my ear there was no dial tone.

When I checked to see if the cord was still plugged in, as I feared, the cord was cut.

This is why rich people are bothersome. They break phones without a second thought.

Even though it was a wireless receiver, I gave up since the main part was broken. There’s probably the main telephone at the entrance. Though saying this does nothing, the other phones in the house are probably destroyed as well.

“Kurihara-san.”

“Hm?”

“Is there a cell phone?”

“Yeah, Mother has one.”

Letting go of the telephone, when I asked Kurihara-san if there weren’t any cell phones, she said Solange-san had one.

Solange-san is no good. Since she’d gone to the extent of breaking the telephones, she naturally would have hidden her cell phone. Thinking about the worst case scenario, there’s a possibility she may have thrown it away. Just looking for it would be useless.

“Kurihara-san doesn’t have one?”

“Yeah, I don’t have one. Since mom said that even if she bought me one, I probably wouldn’t use it, so she said no. But now I want one.”

“That so...”

“I want it now because, that’s, umm, that’s, w-with Katou-kun, e-mail, I-I want to...”

“Hmm, but since I don’t have one either it’d be impossible.”

My left hand was grasped tightly, Kurihara-san looked at me and blushed dazzlingly, dejected from my answer.

“Let’s check the next one.”

“... Yeah.”

Leaving behind the telephone, the depressed Kurihara-san withdrew her hand and walked away.

We headed to the living room. The feast was still laid out on the table. Looking at it with a sidelong glance without stopping, I headed for the kitchen. Then I checked inside the refrigerator.

There were fruit and vegetables, as well as meat and fish. There were juice and tea too. Alright, if it’s like this I don’t have to worry about rushing.

“Kurihara-san, listen to me.”

“Okay.”

I turned around towards Kurihara-san who was still feeling down and asked her while looking straight at her.

“I told my mom that I’d be staying at Kurihara-san’s house today. Therefore, if I don’t go back tomorrow, she’ll question it. In other words, even if we can’t get out of here, some time around tomorrow evening or the next morning at the latest, I think she’ll come here.”

“... Y-... yeah.”

Kurihara-san blinked her blue eyes in surprise, then eagerly nodded after a bit of a pause.

Yeah, she didn’t understand me.

“In brief, even if we don’t try to forcibly leave, since my mom will be here by the day after tomorrow, we’ll manage somehow. There’s plenty of food and drinks too. So lets not break anything.”

“Yeah!”

Kurihara-san nodded without a pause this time. Whether she really understood me is somewhat questionable, though.

“Then! If Katou-san’s mother doesn’t come to pick you up, Katou-kun and I can stay together!?”

Yeah, though it seems like she more or less understood me, her train of thought was different to mine after all. That’s that huh,

although I'm not in a hurry, I might need to think to get out of here as soon as possible.

Before Kurihara-san starts doing strange things.

But it'd be bad to break the glass in the windows or doors. Saeki-sensei always says it's bad to recklessly break things.

If it comes down to it, maybe I should search for Solange-san's cell phone after all? Before that, before making things more complicated, I should make sure Solange-san can't move.

Leaving Kurihara-san waiting in the living room, I retrieved Solange-san's ass peach that was stuck onto the faucet.

Then after putting the ass peach into the bag, I went back to the living room.

The ropes that bounded me to the couch were there. I'll use these.

Putting the ropes into my bag, I ordered Kurihara-san to seiza on the floor, but before I knew it my hand was being held.

I didn't tell her to move though... But oh well, I couldn't care less about that order anyways, I just gave Kurihara-san an order since she was doing things on her own. So even though it was violated, I don't particularly plan on doing anything about it.

Going to the second floor with Kurihara-san, I approached the unconscious Solange-san. Then I poked her with the handle of the mop I brought to make sure. I poked her boob obviously.

Her boobs moved magnificently. But Solange-san herself didn't stir. I approached even closer to confirm, and it appeared she was still breathing.

"Kurihara-san will take her legs."

"Okay!"

Kurihara-san raised her right hand to my words and went around to Solange-san's legs. Then she squat down and grabbed both of Solange-san's ankles.

After seeing that, I grabbed both of Solange-san's wrists.

"Let's carry Solange-san to her room. Can you tell me where it is?"

"Yes! It's two doors down from my room!"

Kurihara-san answered my question lively. I see, it's two rooms away from Kurihara-san's huh.

That's wonderful. To begin with, how many rooms are on the second floor? It's good that I didn't look for it without knowing that. In my house, there are only two rooms on the second floor. Without even needing to look for it, you'd be right half of the time. I understood with her answer just how disconnected we were.

Pulling on Solange-san's wrists, we proceeded down the hallway. Solange-san's ankles were being carried by Kurihara-san as she followed behind with short but brisk steps.

I pulled almost all of the weight, Kurihara-san only had her feet. So although it looked like what Kurihara-san was doing was insignificant, it wasn't.

By having her carry her legs, it became very easy to pull her.

Somehow arriving at Solange-san's room, I opened the door and went in. The interior didn't seem like it was Solange-san's, it had a chic and modern atmosphere.

Though I thought it would certainly be a childish room, it was unexpectedly adult-like. It might be Kurihara-san's dad's preference.

Like with Kurihara-san's room, Solange-san also had an excessively large bed. We then put her on the bed.

Since we pulled her down the hallway by force, the skirt Solange-san was wearing slipped down. Since the sleeve of the wrist that I was holding was pulled, Solange-san's shirt was pulled up, and her outer garment almost came off.

I saw the cleavage of her large boobs, as well as her lacy pink underwear. Moreover, her whole body was wet.

She won't be able to change clothes while tied up huh... It would be bad if she caught a cold too.

"So that she won't catch a cold, how about taking off her clothes?"

"Okay!"

Kurihara-san lively replied to my suggestion. So then the two of us began to take off Solange-san's clothes.

Seeing Solange-san become naked, my penis grew large from her big boobs.

Her skin was snow white and her nipples were pink, and although they were beautiful, they somehow seemed delicious.

Due to my penis suddenly growing, I shifted restlessly.

Noticing that, Kurihara-san moved in front of me, kneeling in place and taking down my pants. Then she put my enlarged penis into her mouth, sucking it eagerly.

Though the ass peach feels good, Kurihara-san's mouth also feels good.

I felt refreshed from letting it out in Kurihara-san's mouth. Moreover, she diligently cleaned it up after I took it out.

Evidence that she's accurately remembered the content of that ecchi book. Even with Kurihara-san's bad memory, she could learn something after spending time on it.

With me feeling refreshed, and although I stared at Kurihara-san greedily, I decided to prioritize the goal for now.

Looking down at the naked Solange-san, I thought. If I tied her up with ropes after clothes are put on, it would become necessary to remove the ropes again if we had to change her clothes.

If she's tied up while entirely nude, I'd only have to dress her with clothes on top of that. That way it won't be necessary to take off the ropes to change her clothes.

Saying that, I tied up the naked Solange-san with a rope. Both hands were tied behind her back, and so that her arms couldn't move I tied the rope around the top and bottom of her boobs, connecting the bindings. Because of that, the already big boobs were emphasized even more.

Then I tied up her legs, perfect. But then I realized. If I tied up both of her hands and both of her feet, it would be difficult to put clothes

on her, or more precisely impossible.

“Then I’ll leave her as is.”

I found the solution immediately.

“Kurihara-san, could you look for the cell phone just in case?”

“...O-okay.”

When I tied up Solange-san, Kurihara-san squirmed while holding her skirt with both hands, and nodded at my words with a slightly disappointed face.

Since she sucked my penis, I think that Kurihara-san has also wanted to do something that feels good without permission.

That was too optimistic. When you do something good, you aren’t supposed to ask the person for a reward. That’s what Saeki-sensei always says. I don’t think that Kurihara-san has heard it. Or maybe she forgot it even though she’s heard it?

But it’s kinda sad. She such my penis with everything she had.

“Then, Kurihara-san. Take off your clothes and look for it. Be ready for use at any time.”

“Okay!”

When I said that with a sigh, Kurihara-san nodded with a smiling face and began to cheerfully undress.

I’ll let her anticipate it.

Though we searched Solange-san’s room, there was no cell phone as expected. Because the telephones were broken, she wasn’t likely to hide it in a place so easily found. I’m doubt that it’s even in the house.

I found something instead.

“It’s full...”

There was a big box in the closet. There were many tools in it.

“Wonder what this is?”

I took a stick-like tool out from it. It was a string of balls slightly smaller than ping pong balls.

“T-that’s, it seems to be put in the ass. Since I’ve peeped at mom doing that...”

The naked Kurihara-san who was down on all fours next to me gave me an upward glance while answering with blushing cheeks.

“Eeeh, is that so? I’ll put it in a bit so face your ass to me.”

“Okay.”

Turning around on the spot, Kurihara-san turned her ass towards me.

I stuck it into the center of her ass hole with a quick shove.

“Nn-”

Her ass shook with a start. The balls liked up on the stick completely went inside the hole.

Yep, Kurihara-san’s reaction wasn’t good enough. That’s right, the large ping pong balls she’d been laying are larger than these balls. You could even put your hand inside, so putting these in at this point is no big deal.

Let’s try something different.

Fishing around inside the box, I found a big tool.

“Massager? I wonder if she has stiff shoulders from her big boobs?”

Taking it out, the tip of the electric massager was spherical.

“T-that’s, it seems to go against a sensitive place. Though when mother did that, since a big voice came out when it was used, she seems to have used it after I went to sleep.”

“Heeeh, a sensitive place huh. Where, for example?”

Kurihara-san’s eyes swam about from my question as she gulped down saliva. Then with a face dyed deep red, she got up.

Kurihara-san stood up from all fours, squatting on her knees. Then she spread her legs and opened her crotch with her left hand. Her

vagina was open to see.

Extending her right hand to her vagina, Kurihara-san touched it with her finger.

“T-this is the most sensitive place. When the massager touches this, it seems to become strange.”

Pulling her finger up above the main part of her vagina, she peeled the skin back and a red bean appeared.

Ah, I know what that is. It was described in the ecchi book. Girls seem to become strange when it's touched.

Now that I think about it, this is the first time I've seen one for real. Since the ass beach is too convenient, I haven't played much with Kurihara-san herself.

“Can I put the massager there?”

“O-okay. It's okay if Katou-kun wants to do it.”

Strange she said... I wonder what'll happen? Kurihara-san said I could do as I like when I asked from my interest being roused. If that's so, let's do it.

The electric massager's cord had to be plugged in to be used, so I put it in one of the room's outlets. Then I turned it on.

With the low vibrating sound, Kurihara-san's breathing became rough. Watching Kurihara-san, lot's of ecchi juice overflowed from the girl's most important place. She looked at me with expectant eyes.

“Tei-”

I pressed the vibrating electric massager against Kurihara-san's vagina.

“Ngiiiiii-!?”

Kurihara-san's body went into intense convulsions that hadn't been seen until now, her face in agony while screaming. Then, clenching her teeth, drool started dribbling from her lips.

Rather than feeling good, it looks painful.

When I took away the electric massager, Kurihara-san's body jumped. She was frantically breathing, and balls of sweat burst from

her hole body.

“Did it hurt?”

“T-though it hurt, I-I, since the pain was good... it was amazing.”

When I asked, Kurihara-san gave a strangely attractive expression and said that.

“Then let’s go again.”

“Ngiiiiii-!? Agaaaaaaa-!?”

When I suddenly pushed the electric massager against her, Kurihara-san who had let down her guard bend backwards and pushed out her boobs. Like a fish on land, her hips spasmed.

Yep, though it only looks like it hurts, the person herself says it felt good. Though for me, pain is my weak point...

“Ngiiiiii-!? Agaaaaaaa-!?”

The scream that resounded through the room felt a bit unpleasant to me. Rather, it was annoying.

When I thought if it would stop soon, from a little below where I held the electric massager to, liquid spurt out.

Did she pee? It may have come out from the pain.

When I took the electric massager away from her crotch, Kurihara-san continued to spasm. Her breasts shook like pudding.

Watching the scene, my penis suddenly grew, I got horny.

Huh, I’ve struck something good here.

I took Kurihara-san’s ass peach out of the bag and put my penis in it.

Then I pushed the electric massager back against Kurihara-san’s vagina.

“Naaaaaaa-!? Ngiiiiii-!?”

Just as I did that Kurihara-san’s body jumped, her back warping and sticking out her boobs and her waist convulsing.

“I-it’s like what I thought after all. This is—amazing—”

“laaaaaa-! Higiiiiii-!”

Though the scream was noisy, the ass peach tightened. Towards the

unprecedented clamping, I almost drooled. I couldn't believe that pressure from the ass peach as it convulsed. But since the ass peach doesn't move on its own, there was just the pleasant tightening and vibration.

Though the ass peach had to be moved by hand, I wonder if there's a better method?

So I suddenly came up with something.

I pulled my penis out of the ass peach and took the electric massager from Kurihara-san's vagina. Then I put the massager against the ass peach's hole.

The sphere at the end of the massager is slightly smaller than my fist. It should enter the hole. But when entering the hole, I put fingers in, not as a fist. But the tip of the massager was like a fist from the start. It was probably a bit unreasonable to put it in.

But even if I say that, I tried it anyways.

Though I put strength into my hand, yep, is it impossible anyways?"

"Ahi-, ahii-"

As a result of pushing the top of the massager into the ass peach's hole, the vibrations seem to be transmitted to Kurihara-san's ass.

More than when it was on her vagina, it looked like it felt good.

Though apart from that, it was impossible, it didn't go in. To be able to put this in, it seems like it still needs to be trained.

Giving up on putting the massager into the ass peach's hole, I turned it off and placed it on the floor. Then I fished inside the 'tool box' again.

When I saw a tool described in the ecchi book, I became interested. There it was. A quail-egg shaped tool. I think it's called an vibrator egg. There were a lot of them.

A cord extended from the oval sphere. There was a switch on the cord. When I switched it on to try it out, it let out a higher pitched sound than the massager as the sphere vibrated.

Well, I wanted to try it out once before this. But I couldn't since I didn't have the tool to do it.

I put the vibrating sphere against the ass peach's hole and forced it in. Unlike the massager's tip, the small sphere smoothly went inside

the hole.

“Ihi-!?”

Kurihara-san’s body shook. But the reaction was smaller than when I tried to push in the massager. But I don’t really mind. Because this is something for me to enjoy myself.

In addition I took out two more egg vibrators and put them inside the ass peach’s hole. Then I turned them on.

“Haaaaa-!?”

The sound coming from inside the ass peach was audible. The egg vibrators clashed against each other. Looking at Kurihara-san, she raised a pleasurable voice with pink blushing cheeks.

Alright, this is good.

I put the ass peach on the floor and approached Kurihara-san, lifting her waist.

Kurihara-san was in the posture of when I pushed the massager against her, and turning her around with my left hand, opened her legs. Then with me raising her waist, her ass came to just the right height.

Placing my penis against her ass, I thrust.

“Naaaaa-”

“Ku-, this feels the best so far-”

My penis pushed into her hole. And according to my expectations, the inside of her hole vibrated with amazing force.

Making use of the ass peach’s features, my new idea was to make a vibrating ass hole.

Even if I put something into the ass peach’s hole, so long as a part of it protrudes out of it only the hollow is transferred to Kurihara-san. That said, the cord stuck out from the ass peach.

Doing that, even with my penis in Kurihara-san’s ass, the vibrator egg didn’t get in the way. Moreover, it vibrated.

With the excessively good feeling, I became engrossed in thrusting my hips.

Letting it out once, my curiosity sprung up.

There was a tool that was hard to put in, let’s try it.

With my penis in Kurihara-san's vibrating ass as it was, I picked up the massager.

Kurihara-san was gasping for breath, seeming to have guessed from my actions, she swallowed her saliva.

Though her blue eyes seemed afraid, she seemed to anticipate it.

“Ei!”

“Naaaaaaa-!? Higyaaaaaa-!?”

I pressed the massager against her vagina. Instantly, her ass was abnormally firm and she gave a scream. Moreover, since the inside was vibrating, it felt unimaginably good.

After tasting this once, I don't think I'll be satisfied by other things anymore.

Thrusting my waist while engrossed in her ass' amazing pressure, I let it out twice without pulling out my penis.

Since I was tired we took a break as expected. I felt hungry for something.

After tying the nude Solange-san up with the rope, we put her on the bed as she was. So that she couldn't do anything strange, I decided to restrict her actions.

Though the massager couldn't get inside Kurihara-san's ass peach, I think it could get inside Solange-san's ass peach.

My expectation wonderfully turned out right and the tip of the massager went into Solange-san's ass peach snugly.

Then I turned it on.

Screams sounded through the room. The Solange-san that had fainted woke up to the excessive shock, doing nothing but shouting.

I took the exhausted Kurihara-san downstairs with me, away from the annoyance.

And now, though I relaxed on the living room's sofa, I kept hearing the screaming from the second floor.

I'll go check after a break.

The cooking Solange-san prepared was entirely delicious.

I ate so much that I couldn't move from the sofa.

Next to me was Kurihara-san, wiping my mouth from the water I drank.

You don't need to mind that much.

By the way, I kept the egg vibrator in Kurihara-san's ass peach. So it was still vibrating in Kurihara-san's ass.

When I put my penis into the vibrating ass hole with the electric massager against her crotch, it felt good... When I recalled that, despite being tired, my penis grew.

Though I suddenly remembered it, the stick that I got from inside the box. The globes on the way down the stick were smaller than the ping pong balls so I thought it wasn't very interesting. However, it definitely vibrated.

Even if the three egg vibrators were put in, the length was still shorter than this stick's. In other words, if I put that into the ass peach and let it vibrate, it might be possible for all of Kurihara-san's ass to vibrate.

Speaking of desire, the balls should be small if they vibrate. Since if the balls were big, the hole would open to that size.

I'll fish around the box for it later.

Before I knew it, my shoulder felt slightly heavy. Looking to my side, Kurihara-san who'd put her head on my shoulder was sleeping and breathing steadily.

Somehow or another it seems she sat down on the sofa and fell asleep.

Looking at the clock hung over on the wall, it had been near two hours. Then I realized, Solange-san's screams that I'd heard from the second floor disappeared.

Though I wanted to go check it out, Kurihara-san would wake up if I

moved. Besides, I was sleepy too. Therefore, I decided to check it out later and closed my eyes to have a nap.

When I noticed the weight on my shoulder had disappeared, I opened my eyes and looked to my side. The figure of Kurihara-san wasn't there.

I was surprised and tried to stand up, but the area near my crotch was heavy. Looking down, Kurihara-san was peacefully asleep with her head on my crotch.

Though I wondered if her head slipped down from my shoulder, that probably wasn't it. Since my zipper was undone, and Kurihara-san was holding my penis.

If she just fell down while asleep, something like that wouldn't have happened.

Maybe she woke up and fell asleep midway?

When I shook Kurihara-san's shoulders, she dimly opened her eyes. She smiled while half asleep. Possibly by instinct, she put her lips to the tip of my grasped penis and kissed it, then brought it into her mouth as she was. Then she began to move her head slowly.

The sound was sloppy. I wondered why, maybe because of the egg vibrators in the ass peach, if were to compare it to the pleasant feeling when I pushed the massager against Kurihara-san's crotch, it wasn't as amazing but was oddly comfortable.

It might feel good since I just woke up.

When I finished letting it out into Kurihara-san's mouth and she finished cleaning up my penis with her mouth, I went up to the second floor. Then I entered Solange-san's room.

"Uwah..."

Bound with a rope in complete nudity, Solange-san who was on the bed convulsed with her eyes wide.

With this it's the second time huh.

I asked Kurihara-san to bring some water, and I pulled out the massager from Solange-san's ass peach.

Since it was left inside for a considerable amount of time, the ass peach's hole stayed open. Though it started out loose, it was even more so now.

When I approached the bed to check on Solange-san, she kept convulsing even with the massager removed.

The bed sheets were wet. She probably peed herself.

When I lifted her leg to check out her ass hole, it was in the same state as the ass peach. Open wide. With this it wouldn't feel good at all to put in my penis.

When I lowered her leg, Kurihara-san entered the room. She held a cup in both hands. When I took the cup and put the water into my mouth, I placed my lips on Solange-san's. Then I pushed the water into her's like slowly breathing out.

I heard a sound come from Solange-san's throat, so I knew she drank the water correctly.

When I separated my lips from hers and lifted up my face, I saw Kurihara-san with watery eyes and blushing, puffed up cheeks.

I wonder if she's sulking from what I did to Solange-san? It couldn't be helped though, since Solange-san was unconscious.

When I beckoned Kurihara-san over, her cheeks puffed up some more.

I caught hold of Kurihara-san's wrist and pulled, sticking my body to her's and touching my lips to her's.

"Now it's even."

When I separated my lips from her's and said that, Kurihara-san's eyes opened wide and she blushed deeply. Touching her lip with her right hand's finger, she stopped as she was.

Though I can't tell if I cured her mood, it should be fine since she's quiet for now.

I would regularly transfer water to her mouth-to-mouth to the Solange-san who remained unconscious, and each time Kurihara-san's cheeks puffed up.

It couldn't be helped that each time I did that, Kurihara-san's her mood got worse.

Solange-san, who'd convulsed with wide eyes, was now appearing to have a carefree smiling face as she slept peacefully.

She probably won't get up until the morning.

"Maybe I should have broke a window..."

Holding ornamental bears in both hands, Kurihara-san said a dangerous thing.

It seems she wasn't that amused by me giving water to Solange-san mouth-to-mouth.

Even if I put Kurihara-san back in a good mood, every time I do that to Solange-san her mood would just gradually worsen.

Kurihara-san showing her feelings was rare. I don't know what to do. Though I thought it would be fine staying until mom notices something wrong and comes here, it seems it'd be better to devise an escape plan.

Honestly, I thought of a secret plan a while ago. Though I don't know if it will go well, it's worth trying.

"Kurihara-san, could you write the address of this house on some paper?"

"Eh? O-okay."

Though Kurihara-san tilted her head to the side at my request, she wrote the address on a piece of paper. When I received the paper, I rolled it up. Then I took florist Onee-san's ass peach out from my bag and pushed the paper into the hole.

I beg you ass peach, sent this letter to Onee-san.

I felt anxious. It was likely to not go well. Although the letter definitely moved into Onee-san's ass, I wonder if she'll read the letter or not?

When you feel discomfort from your ass, you'd let it out in the

restroom.

“Kurihara-san, could you write the same thing as a moment ago on some more pages?”

“O-okay.”

Kurihara-san nodded again while looking curious, and wrote three more of the same things down.

If it doesn't work the first time, there's no choice but to do it more times. Though it still might be let out into the toilet.

However, I think it'll work out. Looking at Kurihara-san, the feelings that flow into the ass peach seem to be transmitted something. And as for which I've poured the most affection into, it's florist Onee-san's ass peach.

Therefore, the feeling that I was in trouble was surely transferred through the ass peach to Onee-san.

Holding the two ornamental bears, a vein rose to Kurihara-san's temple as she wandered around inside the room.

It seemed that she'd throw it towards the window with enough momentum to break it any time now.

As for Solange-san, she was smiling and sleeping without a care.

She's mad at her sleeping face huh...

But I'm the one that made her faint, so I don't see the problem with it. I think that she learned her lesson this time, and Solange-san was lonely after all.

Therefore, if she doesn't tie me up with a rope, next time I might properly come to eat.

While thinking such a thing, I rubbed Solange-san's boobs.

Though her hole was loose, she has very good boobs.

“I'll break the window after all!”

Bringing up both of her hands, Kurihara-san began to run and throw the bear ornaments towards the window.

I jumped up from the bed, grappling Kurihara-san from behind.

“Uu! Even mine, even my boobs will be that big eventually!”

“Calm down Kurihara-san. Whether the boobs are big or small, each pair are different. The difference, I don’t know until I rub it.”

“Uu! Uuu!”

Kurihara-san bit her lower lip with teary eyes at my persuasion.

“Then h-how about my boobs!?”

“The best. They’re rank A.”

“Then mother’s!?”

“Best of the best. Rank S.”

“Uuuu! Uuuuuu!”

Letting out a groan, Kurihara-san struggled violently to hurt the ornaments at the window.

Won’t Kurihara-san stop it. How much do you think a pane of glass costs? My pocket money for a year probably wouldn’t be enough. Something like breaking it, that’s for rich people.

While we struggled, a chime at the front door rang out.

“Kurihara-san! Help may have arrived!”

“Noooo-! Break the window-! Mother is STUPID-! Mine will be like that soon-!”

Though help may have come, Kurihara-san was still going to break the windowpane. Why does she want to break it so much?

I dragged Kurihara-san who was acting violently to the first floor against her will.

I arrived at the front door, then remembered. Kurihara-san’s house had a gate with an iron fence. The time to the house was on the gate.

In other words, if the door didn’t open, there was no point coming to the door.

“Kurihara-san! Where is the intercom?”

“Eh? Umm, walk into the living room—”

“Let’s go!”

Since I asked in a loud voice, Kurihara-san became flustered. I took her hand and ran to the living room.

“Kurihara-san! Since I don’t know how to use the intercom, can I get you to use it?”

“O-okay!”

Entering the living room, when I raised my voice at the start of my speech, Kurihara-san nodded with round eyes and ran up to the intercom. I chased behind her as well.

As I thought, florist Onee-chan was reflected in the screen of the intercom.

It went after all. Good job ass peach, you did well.

Looking at the screen in front of her, Kurihara-san cast a sidelong glance towards me.

“By any chance, is this Katou-kun’s friend?”

Kurihara-san was judging me with reproachful eyes.

Thinking about it normally, you’d probably think of florist Onee-san as someone coming to Kurihara-san’s house as a guest. Besides, the ages of florist Onee-chan and I were different, so you couldn’t find any point of contact.

But I told Kurihara-san to write the thing on paper. And then I took action when the chime rang. So taking that into account, it became a strong possibility that florist Onee-chan was my acquaintance.

Though I thought Kurihara-san wouldn’t notice, she unexpectedly was sharp in that area...

I was a bit impressed.

“Yeah, that’s right, this person is florist Onee-san. When I came to visit Kurihara-san before, I brought flowers remember? I bought the flowers from Onee-san’s shop.

Though in reality I wanted a potted chrysanthemum.

“Hmph.”

While looking at me reproachfully, Kurihara-san let out a somewhat disapproving voice. Her cheeks puffed up a little.

She seemed to object florist Onee-san being acquainted with me. Though Kurihara-san always attended to me, I was somehow happy to see her looking at me with dissatisfaction. Wait, now isn't the time to think something like that. It seems Onee-san will go back if she isn't replied to soon.

"Kurihara-san! Don't sulk and hurry up! If Onee-san leaves we can't get out any more!"

"I don't really mind not being able to leave. Wherever Katou-kun is, I'm fine."

Saying that in a prickly manner, she puffed out her cheeks and faced away from me.

Though I was a bit happy seeing that, it was troublesome. And even if I couldn't leave right now, I wouldn't be so troubled. But since Kurihara-san wants to break a window, even I have to do my best.

"It's fine already, I managed to do it somehow. Kurihara-san wasn't useful at all."

"Eh-!? Ah-, that's-, I-"

Shaken by my words, Kurihara-san's prickly manner reversed in a hurry.

Seeing such a Kurihara-san, I was excessively turned on.

"Hey, since Kurihara-san is already good, take off your clothes and point your ass towards me."

"Eh? Ah, o-okay!"

Pretending to be displeased, I gave Kurihara-san an order. Then Kurihara-san quickly took off her clothes and became naked, pushing out her ass with her back towards me.

Pulling down my zipper, I pulled out my penis and stuck it into Kurihara-san's ass.

"Nn-"

It swallowed my penis in one gulp. The vibrating interior tightening against my penis.

Though I forgot about it, I left the egg vibrator in Kurihara-san's ass peach. Though it felt good, since I knew using the massager felt

even better, I wasn't completely satisfied...

I reached forward towards Kurihara-san that was leaning forward a bit, grabbing her boob. Then I pressed the button on the intercom screen.

[Ah, is this on? Excuse me, I'm Kurahashi from Flower River.]

I heard the voice of florist Onee-san from the screen. Onee-san bowed in the screen. Though I did press the button properly, it seems it worked well.

With Kurihara-san's boob in my hand, I began to thrust my hips. Then I put my mouth to Kurihara-san's ear.

"She'll hear you if you let out a sound."

When I whispered that to Kurihara-san, she covered her mouth with both hands and nodded.

"Onee-san? It's me, remember?"

While hammering my waist into Kurihara-san's ass, I asked towards the intercom.

[That voice... it was Kikuo-kun after all. I never would have thought...]

Though she seemed surprised, Onee-san seemed to understand from that. Apart from that, who is Kikuo? Is it me? But my name is Akiharu... (TN: Kikuo -> Chrysanthemum Boy. Onee-chan says kanji, while MC sounds it out)

I see, Onee-san doesn't know my name. Then it's fine I guess.

"Yeah, it's Kikuo. I'm in a bit of trouble right now."

"Nn-"

"The key to the house is broken, and I can't get out of it."

"Ku-"

"The windows won't open too."

"Hu-"

"The telephone doesn't work either."

"Na-"

"Though at worst I'd have no choice but to break the lock and ask a vendor-san for another, does Onee-chan know of a better way?"

“Na-”

Though Kurihara-san was covering her mouth with both hands, whenever I nailed her hips she let out a sweet voice.

Though I told her Onee-san would be able to hear her if she let out a voice, she couldn't hold it all in. Rather, I feel that more sounds came out.

I wonder if it's related to the egg vibrator in the ass peach and her nipple being played with by my finger?

Somehow, it seems like her nipple was slightly bigger and firmer than before.

It's amusing when Kurihara-san trembles from being played with by my finger.

[Though I couldn't hear it that well, was that the groan of a girl just now?]

From Onee-san's question, Kurihara-san's ass shut firmly. Her body stiffened too as she let out a great deal of sweat.

She probably became afraid of Onee-san finding out.

“That's the sound from the television.

[Ah, so that was it.]

“Yeah.”

Onee-san easily believed me. Not in my dreams would I guess that something like this would happen on the other side of an intercom.

“Naaa-, feels, good, goooood-”

Then Kurihara-san's voice raised a bit louder.

She was probably relieved to know that Onee-san misunderstood it as the television.

Let alone the front door, I was worried about how I should explain to Onee-san why the windows couldn't open either.

Thinking normally, if you can't get out you also can't get in.

Even so, I couldn't say anything about Solange-san. That I was tied

up by a rope and locked in the house, I felt it would probably be a big problem if the police learned about it.

Therefore, I decided the daughter of the house would explain it.

“Ah-, that’s-, I-I-, naa-, am-, K-Kurihara-aaaa-, Kozue, I-I’m th-the daughter of the h-house and-, ah-, played around-, hiii-, can’t leave-, comiiiiing-”

While being pounded by my penis from behind, Kurihara-san persevered to explain. Hearing that, Onee-san had on a complicated face in the intercom’s screen.

[Eh? Television? That sound really came from the television?]

And muttered such a thing.

In the end, Onee-san also couldn’t open the door or windows, and also thought that we shouldn’t break a window. She decided to contact a supplier in the morning. Well, obviously.

Since the telephone was broken, we have no means of communication. I also don’t know where the cell phone was hidden. If that’s the case, I have to keep Kurihara-san from throwing the bear ornaments through a window.

As she left, Onee-san said it.

[I had a feeling Kikuo-kun needed help. Even so, though it’s strange, I feel like Kikuo is always by my side.]

Onee-san didn’t feel the paper coming out of her until the end. But since she came to Kurihara-san’s now, surely she must have seen it.

It was morning, and just as florist Onee-san said, a supplier came

out.

After checking that Solange-san woke up, I had the supplier remove a window. I could leave the house safely.

Solange-san seems to have reflected considerably and apologized to me many times. But if anything, I felt cruel for what was done to Solange-san, so I didn't push there.

After that, Solange-san stopped running after us day after day. So I would come over to Kurihara-san's house to visit.

However, when I'm off guard Solange-san would show off and immediately nestle close to me. At times like that, I'd put the massager in the ass peach. Then, with a bestial roar, she would tremble. It was amusing to watch.

Of course the person themselves didn't know the massager was in their ass, but recently she wouldn't faint anymore. Instead, it reached the point where it felt comfortable. Then she would snuggle close to me on purpose.

Since then, I often went to meet florist Onee-san. When I went to visit Kurihara-san's house, I took the opportunity to go to the flower shop.

A chair for my exclusive use was put in the shop. I sat on it and drank tea, watching Onee-san work. Then I secretly played with the ass peach.

No matter how much I intensely played with the ass peach in the shop, Onee-san would keep on a smile serving customers. Somehow or another I want her to have a sloppy face like Kurihara-san. I put in vibrator eggs and stirred them around with the bead stick. But she still wouldn't get rid of her soft smile.

As one would expect of a pro, she was tough.

But when customers went away, she would crumble down weakly, sitting on the floor as her hips convulsed. And without fail she would glare at me.

Onee-san seemed to vaguely notice I was doing something. She probably doubts me because of that letter. But she seems to not be able to say it because she doesn't have proof.

So to find proof, she welcomes me with a smiling face when I come to visit. But she can't find evidence, nor avoid be enjoyed by me.

After all I'm playing with the ass peach before the person herself, it's so much fun.

So, heading to Kurihara-san's house today, I walked with Kurihara-san.

"Kikuo-kuuun, heading home now~?"

I heard a voice from behind me. Only florist Onee-san would call me Kikuo.

When I looked back, probably returning from shopping at the supermarket, Onee-san waved her hand while running over.

Seeing that, the person next to me clenched her teeth, glaring at Onee-san like she would shoot her dead.

"Hello Kozue-chan. You're dazzling today as well."

Ignoring Kurihara-san's glare, Onee-san greeted her with the smile cultivated on many customers.

No matter how much she glared, I was pushed by Onee-san's hands into the the shop. I'm treated lightly by Onee-san after all, and Kurihara-san slumped forward depressed.

"Katou-kun, Kozue~! I made a cake today!"

Solange-san rushed over with great timing. When I'm with florist Onee-san, Solange-san had a high probability to appear as well.

Though she promised to not ambush me, I think she probably always watches me from somewhere.

"Hello Solange-san, you're also beautiful today."

Towards Solange-san who was running over while waving both arms, Onee-san gave a polite greeting.

"Youko-chan too~! Youko-chan can come home and eat the cake too~!"

Though Solange-san is shy, she seems to like florist Onee-san. She was friendly, probably because she listened to her.

Solange-san would also often come to meet Onee-san and buy things from her. It seems like Onee-san treats her as an important

customer.

As expected of a professional.

When Solange-san and Onee-san are together, Kurihara-san would puff her cheeks up and look away.

Though Kurihara-san has the number one largest boobs in the school year, not to mention comparing them to Solange-san's and Onee-san's boobs, she was also shorter and more childish. She seemed to worry about it.

Though the boobs' size are important for sure, since Kurihara-san has the most comfortable hole, she's magnificent.

Other than that, it can be very fun when the three meet.

As a matter of fact, these three's asses are all secretly being fingered.

Since Kurihara-san is shy.

Since Solange-san thinks it is an evil spirit.

Though Onee-san vaguely notices me as the criminal, she doesn't think it's the same for Kurihara-san and Solange-san.

Therefore, I put my hand in my bag and flicked the various switches.

"Ahi-!?"

"Naa-!?"

"Uu!?"

When I do this when the three are together, they all awkwardly try to desperately conceal it. The spectacle is every amusing.

"A-ahaha! It's good weather today too!"

While laughing with a crimson face, Solange-san tried to change the topic by bringing up the weather.

By the way, for Solange-san's ass peach, I confiscated 'it' from the box in her room. An amazingly huge dildo was put in. Its size was more than double mine.

When it's turned on, it stirs around in her belly.

"Naa-!? Hiu-!?"

Kurihara-san didn't have the composure to even change the topic, and though she desperately tried to keep calm, her waist was

twitching as she let out a splendid voice. No matter how you looked at it the group of them understood the cause of the abnormality.

By the way, for Kurihara-san's ass peach, I only put in some ping pong balls, the stick of vibrating balls, and some of the vibrating eggs.

The stick and vibrators would vibrate the large amount of ping pong balls that were transferred. A very interesting sound came from her belly. Kurihara-san also seemed to feel very good, her recent favorite.

"K-Kozue-chan, are you feeling ill?"

Onee-san was slightly sweating, but she was the most casual of the three.

The Onee-san that wouldn't let out a change in tone while serving guests, similarly hid the abnormality when Kurihara-san and Solange-san were there.

By the way, several vibrating eggs were put into Onee-san's ass peach, but that wasn't all.

Among all the tools Solange-san had, I used the tool that I recently understood how to use. A small electric pump. A thin rubber tube installed in the pump, it was possible to pour liquid into the pump. Therefore, inside my bag was a plastic bottle filled with water attached to the ass peach.

So water steadily flowed into Onee-san's stomach, and moreover along with the vibrating eggs' vibrations.

Looking at Onee-san's stomach, you could tell it was swelling little by little.

Since she was able to remain calm on the surface, all I could say is that she's amazing.

But she occasionally looked at me with a sidelong glance. It might be considerably painful.

You gotta show me proof if you want me to stop.

I thought that while looking at the three. Life together with the ass peach, every day was HAPPY.

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